

60-9

THE

169

3.

RIVAL KINGS:

OR THE

L O V E S

OF

Oroondates and Statira.

A TRAGÆDY.

Acted at the

THEATER-ROYAL.

Written by Mr. *BANKES.*

*Divesne Frisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an Pauper, & infima
De gente sub dio moreris,
Vidima nil miserrantis Orci —*

Horat. Lib. 2. Ode 3.

LONDON,

Printed for L. C. in Goat Court on Lud-
Gate Hill, 1677.

THE RIVAL KINGS

LOVE

A TRAGEDY

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

JOHN J. MURPHY

TO THE
RIGHT
HONOURABLE
THE LADY
Katherine Herbert.

MADAM,



Ever till this time could I suspect that it was an easier thing for me to be the Author of a Play, than to write this Dedication to my mind ; but now I confesse, so awfull is my Patronesse, and so humble and zealous my pretensions in this kind, that unlesse I could bring an offering that might far surpasse whatever has

Epistle Dedicatory.

went before it, I should think it too mean for your acceptance; and for the reason that having been allow'd, and pass'd the sufferages of the most curious Criticks in the Theatre, I should be the more unfortunate to be at last Shipwrack'd in the Haven, by an opinion of my Dedication, whereof some of the leading Wits in these times have been censur'd; how hard is it then for a young Writer to please this delicate Age, wherein every year the Wits study the fashion of Language to refine, and alter it, as they do their Cloathes; and true it is, that 'tis another thing to write the sence and speeches of Heroes that are dead, and make 'em speak as we please, govern'd by our fancy, then it is to reach the minds of those illustrious Persons that Poetry is forc'd to choose to be above its Judges, the Patrons of Wit: For in our Playes you read your own Characters, and they are at best but what we have gathered from you, who daily act among yourselves in conversation, (in a lighter Orb)

Epistle Dedicatory.

Orb what none of the greatest, and indeed barbarous Courts could ever attain to; and good Poets are at the best but like bad Painters, that only shew you the shadows of your selves, grossly daub'd, without imitating the least spark of the bright original. With what reverence and caution then ought I to approach you, Madam, whose Nobility and Vertue are in the Sanctuary of so divine a shape, that 'tis an excuse for all that see you to give their Souls no liberty to speak or think prophanely of you, but justly to be confin'd to admiration, and the whole World will say as well as I, that all that it has heard of Angels, are to be seen in you, and like them too, you are adorn'd with so heavenly a Spring of Youth, as if you were to blossom to Eternity, or as if you were indeed the secret Goddesse of Divine Nature disclos'd, that every year makes Vegetables grow, and all the Living receive a bidden and diffusive pleasure from her influence. You are the greatest blessing the Almighty has design'd

Epistle Dedicatory.

design'd to that incomparable Person your Father as a Reward for his Justice and Loyalty in that most eminent Place, wherein Heaven, and the wisest Prince has set him, as the richest and most adorning Jewel of his Crown, and a continual and faithful Steward to this Nation, and no doubt, for its preservation and welfare, all England as well as my self, does pray, that he may long live the worthy and indeared Servant of such a grateful and Royal Master. To you, Madam, therefore, before I conclude, I am to beg a protection for this worthlesse Poem, the product of some melancholly hours, and not of my businesse: And if perhaps I have in this my first undertaking, like a raw and unpractic'd Magician in his Art, rais'd to my self the envy of some malicious and troublesome Spirits, which I have not the skill nor courage to lay, I have therefore wisely invoc'd you for my Deitie: for neither Criticks nor Devils, I am sure, can presume to hurt me in that Circle, which your Name
has

Epistle Dedicatory.

has guarded and made sacred. Let the modesty of the *Stile* make an atonement for the meanesse of the *Language*, and if your thoroughly discerning judgement, and beauteous Eyes, like the Sun, discover mores and spots in what you read, you have clemency and goodnesse in abundance to forgive them, and impute 'em to the inartificial dresse of a *Virgin Muse*; in my next she may appear more curious. I bring in my behalf too the Conqueror of the *World*, to lay before your feet, the greatest Man that ever was, who, were he living, wou'd become a Rival to his dear Ephestion, and behold in your Person, as well the sweet, serene, and obliging Innocence of *Parisatis*, as the more lofty and Imperial Graces of his *Statira*. This great Man, Madam, the Author of the famous *Cassandra* thought never to be equall'd, but in the person of the most exquisite of Lovers, him therefore he has rais'd in the Character of *Oroondates*, to be a Rival to the mighty Alexander in the Romance, and here I

(a) have

Epistle Dedicatory.

have brought him to be so in you, and that rather, because I prefer him to the likeness of the young, hopeful, and gallant Partner of your self, which I pray he may never cease to be, but early anticipate the extraordinary expectations of Mankind, and crown you with greater happiness than Fame and Fancy have yet created in the minds of the most Heroick Lovers. This, and whatever increases your felicity shall be the perpetual wishes of, Madam,

Your most Humble

and Obedient Servant

JOHN BANKES.

PRO

P R O L O G U E.

Forget how you were serv'd last time, and pray
Be kind this once——

To a modest Prologue and a modest Play,
Dreading your anger poor deluded Tray
Has slip'd his Collar, and is run away.
Jo. Haynes himself, that shew'd us this dog trick
Has left us all of our displeasure sick.
To th' Ladies now the Author by me speaks,
A just admirer of your gallant Sex;
He is your Poet, and a Lover too,
For chiefly he design'd this Play for you;
If you can find but in it Love or Wit,
He vows he can out love what he has writ;
Bids me remember e're you be pleas'd,
How with Cassandra's fam'd Romance ye were pleas'd;
How many nights 't has kept you long awake,
Nay and have wept for Oroondates sake.
When so good natur'd to him, but in thought,
Be but so kind where he himself has brought.
For your new Poet next I must implore;
Dash not his hopes of this on any score;
For if you do——
He is so modest he will write no more.
Disperse the stormes with your fair smiles and eyes,
That from the rage of Blustering Criticks rise;
And as the Tempest gathers in the Pit
Let the bright Boxes beams then scatter it.

Per-

Persons Represented.

Alexander the Great

Ephesion a Youth extremely belov'd by him.

Lyfmachus

Cassander

Phillip

} Great Captains.

Oroondates King of *Scythia*.

Araxis his Confident.

Bagistanes a Persian left Governour of *Babylon* by *Alexander*.

Statira

Parisatis

} *Darius* Daughters.

Melanthe, Woman to *Statira*.

Women and Attendants.

Ambassadors.

Priests.

Guards.

Captains.

The Scene *Babylon*.

THE Reader is desired to take notice of, and pardon the Errata's of the Printer in this Play, the reason was that the Author going into the Country, and leaving no other than a foul Copy in the Stationers hands did order every Sheet to be sent down to him to correct before it went further in the Press, which was promis'd to be done.

PAg. 2. l. 1. r. *treason*. l. 28. r. *stream*. p. 3. l. 34. r. *one*. p. 4. l. 2. r. *late*. l. ult. r. *swone*. p. 8. l. 36. r. *hast*. p. 11. l. 24. r. *wondring*. p. 16. l. 35. r. *sel*. p. 17. l. 2. r. *relume*. p. 10. l. 7. *lovely*. l. 12. *Spheres*. l. 26. *me*. p. 20. l. 11. *Cassandra*. l. 22. *just flying*. l. 24. *say*. p. 25. l. 7. *had*. p. 26. l. 19. *adorn*. l. 23. *unbridle*. l. 26. *conjeal'd*. l. 27. *large*. p. 27. l. 8. O. p. 28. l. 7. *bird*. l. 22. *he*. l. 32. *debts*. p. 30. l. 13. *pour*. p. 32. l. 23. *Sir*. 2. l. of the Act concern. p. 33. l. 25. *nightly*. p. 35. l. 4. *and*. l. 33. *bodies*. l. 36. *stars*. for *ther*. *it*. p. 36. l. 21. *like*. p. 39. l. ult. *sunk*. p. 40. l. 15. *and*. l. 44. *pr*. p. 41. l. 31. *dores*. p. 42. l. 16. *springes*. p. 43. l. 34. *Cydus*. p. 45. l. 19. *they* *not*. p. 48. l. 38. *thou*. p. 50. l. 5. *one*. l. 43. *proud*. p. 51. l. 10. *for two* r. *the*. l. 36. *us*. p. 52. l. 20. *through*.

THE RIVAL KINGS

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

*Enter as newly arriv'd Lyfimachus, Cassander, Officers,
and attendance, in State.*

Lys. FROM Ganges, and beyond Nile's secret Bed,
Strange conquer'd Nations have *Euphrates* spread,
By Heavens eternal Power, ordain'd to meet
In the Worlds center, and it's Royal Seat.

From other Parts whilest succours bend their course,
You bring from *Greece*, the Foot to re-inforce,
And I from *Thrace*, five thousand Winged Horse.
So the great Sea maintains it's swelling Pride
By lesser streams, that thither daily glide;
All things contribute to this mighty King,
To *Alexander* flowing, leave their Spring,
And Aids from the remotest Places bring.

Cas. We but appear like Day break after Night,
Where e're He comes, he fills the Skye with light.
So the base Moon does oft Eclipse the Sun,
And shade that Beauty, whence her light begun.
He sends us forth, like *Nylus* in a Floud,
To drown the World, and Court him with the good.

Lys. Fill'd with success, he is luxurious grown,
And gluts with Blood, his cruel wanton Throne.
The News you tell me of *Phylotas* Death,
If true, who after him can hope for breath?
Is't possible! Repeat it yet again —

Ye Gods! The Son of bold *Parmenio* slain!

Cas. This News, the Great *Parmenio* as a Friend,
T' *Antipater* my Father did commend:

B

Fin

The Rival Kings.

His fault was, he did *Dymnus* Treasure hide,
So that for that he ne're believ'd he Dy'd.

Lyf. Of *Dymnus* fond conspiracy, I've heard,
But never thought *Phylotas* so deserv'd.

Caf. Had that been sought, *Phylotas* might have stood;
Till his known Innocence had sav'd his Blood;
But what bold Creature in the Forrest dare
With the stout *Lyon* in his Hunting share?
His Generals, Friends, and all Obnoxious stand,
To be pick'd out for Death at his Command;
But for my Sufferings, more than Death I grieve;
In my lost Fame, he buried me alive:
You and the World did witness my disgrace,
When that base blow he struck me on the Face,
I wish that I had Dy'd in *Clytus* place;
I Travel with the Weight ———

Lyf. *Cassander* hold ———
You were too blame, and *Clytus* was too bold.

Caf. Have done *Lyfimachus*, there is a smother'd shame,
When thus fomented breaks into a flame;
I had a Thunder-Bolt as well withstood,
And cherish'd lightning in my vital blood.

Enter to them Bagistanes.

Bag. Fresh News o' retake the former on the way,
And all confirm the King will come to day.
Shrill joyful Clamours, which the Clouds involve,
Peirce through the Air, and o're our Heads dissolve,
And near *Euphrates*, all their Trumpets found,
Slide down the Streams, and from our Walls rebound.

Lyf. The News is great, and welcome that we hear.

Bag. But o're our Sun does a thick Cloud appear,
That makes his glorious body shine less clear.
As oft in multitudes of Shouts ascend
A loud and goodly noise, till at the end,
Some single voice behind, does flagging lye,
And Robs the whole, of it's full harmony. ———

Lyf. I interrupt you — Is the King in health — ?

Bag. He is, but he ha's lost his greatest wealth,
A treasure, that the Gods did envy him.

Lyf. If that be all, he will be rich again.

Bag. Ah, but this loss, he never will redeem. ———
The Gen'ral of the World, *Parmenio*'s slain.

Lyf. *Parmenio* dead! ———

Caf. What slain! By what bold man?

The Rival Kings.

3

Bag. By that bold Man, that only dares, and can.

Lys. Does *Alexander* thus transplant, to save
His fading Lawrels on *Parmenio's* Grave?
We'rt thou the Son of *Philip*, not of *Jove*,
Thou hadst not thrown away this Token of his Love,
Nor hadst thy self of so much Power bereft,
With thy right Arm to have cut off thy left.

Cas. A man so great, that in his Fathers time,
Winning too many Battels was his Crime.

Bag. His trusty slave, who by this Act is freed,
Is hither come, that saw *Parmenio* bleed,
In his own Garden, where he us'd to breath
Pure Air for Life, he trod the paths of Death.
Four of the Guard the Gen'ral thus salute,
Hail mighty Captain, and of most repute;
The Monarch of the World, these Letters sends
To great *Parmenio*, his best of Friends.
The good Old man, so much o'rejoy'd to see
His Masters Love, receiv'd e'm on his Knee.
Seal'd with his Blood, which he unknowing Tort:
Giving the Murderers sign to let out more:
Those but suppli'd their Masters will in part,
The rest they did ingrave upon his Heart,
Which with a dagger from his breast they drein'd,
And all with Blood the Treacherous paper stain'd.
The Ink, the colour of that black design,
Blush'd that it did in such a Treason joyn:
Thus the bold Lyon taken by surprize,
Was like a Lamb offer'd to sacrifice.

Cas. Why do ye Gods of *Mans* misfortunes boast?
And make us *Heroes* at our own lives cost.
Th' extreamest height in which we hope to live
Is but of Honours breath an empty Sound,
Or like a Star, on sudden shoot we give,
Then fall an empty Vapour on the Ground.
Ingrateful Alexander, has now repaid
Those many Fights, ne're won but by his Aid.

Lys. Forbear *Cassander*, you o're reach your Sence,
Whom the Gods own, pay him obedience.
How blest were Thousands such as Thee and I,
To be his stepsto mount on Victory!
You might, but *Bagistanes* not have known,
When *Philip* to augment the Gods was gone,
The *Grecian* Cities did with Joy depend,
That with his life their bondage shoul'd have end,
And to the Oracle of *Delphos* send;

333

Where in a rage th' auspicious God reply'd,
Urge not to know, what's to your Fates deny'd;
A greater far than *Philip* yet remains,
Whose godlike arm shall hold the World in Chains.

Cass. Were he a God he should have kept his Seat,
Not grieve the World with his immortal weight,
He from the Gods is like a Fury hurl'd,
To glut their anger on the ravish'd World:

Lys. Cease, You neglect the duty of your place. —
Haste, and draw out the Horse I brought from *Thrace*,
And Macedonian foot, which you obey,
And with your armed Ranks inclose the way;
Guard every path, where the Worlds Favourite comes.
Fly high your standards, and provoke your drums. — *Exit. Cassander*
But e're you go I'll to your breast impart
A Story of which no Mortal bears a part }
But that bright Excellence of all my heart. } to *Bagist*.
You know my Princess to whose charmes I owe
The purest love, Ith' strangest manner too;
A birth so strange beyond the reach of Fame.

Bag. I long to hear, that I may know her name.

Lys. In the last fight in which the stronger side
The World arraign'd, and in that Battle try'd;
When Victory half glutted with the dead,
Whetted her Rage again on those that fled:
Aloft she led us where she laid her Brood,
O're hills of Heroes, and through Seas of blood;
At last, as proud that she had seiz'd the Prey,
Flew still before us, and proclaim'd the day.

Bag. Too well I knew, what that days Act can boast,
The Fame you won, and what *Darius* lost.

Lys. The Battle done, by *Alexander* sent,
I to *Darius* rich Pavilion went.
Who like a Merchant in a storme of Sea,
To save his Life had thrown his Crown away,
And all his riches both of love and power,
Strew'd in the way to stop the Conquerour.
But oh misfortune! I too early came,
And found the Tent abandon'd in a flame,
Gaz'd on by Beauties, that with mournful Cryes,
Call'd *Parisatis*! O ye Gods! She dies!
I heard no more, but like a whirlwind brush'd
The flakes away, and through the Flames I rush'd,
Where I beheld this Goddess on the floor,
Yielding to flames, that did her eyes adore,
In a dark swoond, and yet her form so bright,

The Rival Kings.

5

Her glorious beauty dazl'd all the light.
I took this sacred burthen in one arm,
And with the other scattered every harm;
The Fire recoil'd, and hung upon the wall,
Bowing its conquer'd head, and down did fall:
Like the bright Taper, it did soon decay,
That lost its splendor at the sight of day.

Bag. What then you Gods, did you of her decree?

Lys. Ask not of her, but what became of me?
Thus, big with all the treasure of the Earth,
I blest her Mother with her second Birth.
Surpris'd at this, she then with joy did weep,
And call'd her senses back from deadly sleep;
As from behind a Cloud the Sun displays,
And kills the night with unexpected rays,
So from this cloud of death her Spirits stole,
And through her eyes they shot into my Soul.
My Passions tale, I had not time to say,
Nor she her sense of gratitude to pay.
For *Alexander*, like a storm did come,
And bore me off, when I was ne're at home.
The rest you know —
When he *Statira* to himself has joyn'd,
She for his lov'd *Ephesion* is design'd:
Judge then, when such a Rival I persue,
If I han't need of such a Friend as you.

Enter to them Parisatis and Melanthe: attended.

Bag. You shall command me, while I have a heart —

Lys. See where she comes that makes my Manhood start,
The fairest object in the World, I fear.

Par. *Lysimachus*, with *Bagistanes* here!

[*aside.*]

The News is great, that says our glorious Sun

This day lights in the King of *Macedon*. —

My Sister, *Bagistanes*, thinks it fit,

You'd see her e're you *Alexander* meet.

Bag. I'll haste, and pay my duty at her feet.

[*Exit Bagistanes.*]

Par. I am surpris'd; I know not what to say,

I'm loath to go, and yet I should not stay.

[*Aside.*]

Forgive me, Sir, to whom I so much owe,

My blushes hide the gratitude I'de show,

Y're welcome and with joy my bosome fill,

But welcome to *Darius* Daughter still.

[*Offers to go off.*]

Lys. Stay, Noble Princess, stay, my life to save;

I have no merits, but to be your slave;

[*Kneels.*]

Thus I entreat, and I cou'd do no more,
If you your Fathers Crown, and Titles wore.
Thus as a Saint does to the Altar bow.

Par. Rise, Gallant Souldier, and I'll hear you now.
Since you *Lysimachus* so much have done,
I cannot but some gentle pity own,
And yet 'twere better, I that death had dy'd,
Than in my Fathers ruin to divide.

Talk any thing, but let me beg you then,
Talk not of Love, when I must chide agen.

Lys. How doubly wretched was my Love that time,
Which up to you did on your ruin climb;
Then shew'd you that which you had dy'd to shun,
How we *Darius* Crown and Kingdoms won.
What more to plague me could my Fate have done!
Well may you then that fatal love despise,
That sav'd your life for *Alexanders* prize.

Par. *Lysimachus*, I blame not what you did,
But I cou'd wish you wou'd your Passion hide:
Cou'd I *Darius* life but call again,
With all the Pompe and glory of his Reign,
I would your love before a Kings possess,
And with a Crown creat your happiness;
But of a Pris'ner never this require,
She'd make you happier than you cou'd aspire;
And since the Gods have so restrain'd my hand,
In *Alexanders* chains I more demand,
Than if all *Persia* were at my command.

Lys. The Crown you mean you wou'd go far to take;
'Twill be brought to you for *Ephesion's* sake.
When *Alexander* all the World shall lead,
A Present to *Statira's* Nuptial Bed,
He'll scorn in single happiness to live,
But will her Sister to *Ephesion* give;
And then to make your happiness the more,
He will all *Persia* to your wish restore.

Par. His proffer'd Kingdoms I should then despise,
And scorn to take them, though at any Price;
The Worlds too little to be giv'n to me,
Unless presented, as my mind is, free.
Though with that off'ring I a God should lose,
A blessing so impos'd I would refuse.

Lys. If not a God, he's of such flesh and blood
Would tempt a Goddess to be soft and good,
Adorn'd like Summer, and so blushing gay,
In *Agri* youth, with Cheeks like blooming May.

The Rival Kings.

7

All the day long he'll bless you with his sight,
And like the Hony-Suckle breath at night.

Par. This beauteous Animal, so like the Spring-
Will soon, like that, decay, and Winter bring—
I should be loth he should my hopes beguile,
And tarry with me but a Summers while,
Let Gods possess his heavenly beauty then;
We Women only were ordain'd for men.

Lyf. You've said enough to shew your noble mind;
Yet greatest Courages may be confin'd.
What will you do in that unlucky hour
Of this Mans Love, and *Alexanders* Power?
When you are lifted up to such a hight,
I shew so little almost out of sight.

Par. Now y'are too blame *Lyfimachus*. For know,
That *Parisatis*, though she be so low,
Yet every thing's too mean for her desire,
And then her self she can't be lifted higher.
I ne're shall from my constant temper fly,
Unless to loose the knot your jealousy wou'd tie. —
Begone, begone, — I'll hear no more to day;
I think too well of you to let you stay:
Seek not for Love, where he in private lies.
For he has wings, and then away he flies. —
Haste, meet the Conquerour. —

Lyf. I go, I go — [Exit *Lyfimachus*.]

Par. Chide me, *Melanthe*, Art not thou afraid,
That I to shew my thanks too much have said;
And yet my forward gratitude I chide,
For fear a Love should under it lie hid.
At this admir'd example thou wert by,
When others fled, and with me chose to die.

Mel. Had you but seen with what a gust 'e came;
How like a God he chas'd away the flame;
You would have thought him after all was lost,
Darius Genius, or his happy Ghost.

Par. Yet he was forc'd, by honour carry'd on,
Which e're destroy'd ten thousand would have done.
To some great Spirits Fortune is unkind,
To hide occasions they would gladly find;
My safety by the Powers above was meant,
He first i'th' way, was on the errand sent.

[Enter to them *Araxis*.]
Good Gods! Is it *Araxis* I behold!
How came you hither? How were ye so bold?

Arax. Ask not, since I am *Oroondates* slave,
 The greatest Lover, and of men most brave:
 What is there, but a man like him can do,
 Inspir'd with Love, and so much valour too?
 Rouz'd with the Noise that *Alexander* brings,
 Away his fears like drowzy thoughts he flings:
 Awake *Araxis* say's he; let us haste,
 And pay this visit, which may be our last.
 The Worlds my Rival, and with glittering shew,
 Does at *Statira's* Feet in triumph bow.
 We 'rose, and soon deceiv'd the Watchful throng,
 Saying we did to some Ambassadour belong;
 Then to the Garden hurri'd by his flame,
 I, and the Prince, the best of Lovers came;
 He like a Noble Deer that long had pin'd
 In Sandy Plains, but cou'd no Water find;
 'Till seeing a wanton stream through Meadows play,
 O're Gaps, and hedges thither makes his way:
 Thus ne're a Fountain fate this Lover down,
 The which *Statira's* Window seem'd to Crown:
 Blest stream, sai's he (and then his Tears ran o're,
 Like drops of Pearl upon the Christal shore)
 If my *Statira* of thy faltness hears,
 Ah tell her, it was *Oroondates* tears. —

[Enter to them *Oroondates*.]

See where this wretched Lover comes. —

Par. 'Tis he! —

I am amaz'd at what you told, and what I see.

Oroon. The Sun approaches, and a plot hath laid
 To cover *Oroondates* with his shade,
 And when his glories with your beauties joyn,
 You and *Statira* in his Court shall shine.
 Not see me first! I have the cause admir'd,
 And have the reason of the Gods requir'd:
 Ah whither is my angry Queen retir'd?

Par. Oh stay not; *Alexanders* Trumpets sound,
 aſte *Oroondates*, 'tis forbidden Ground.

Oroon. Let Cowards tremble at his mighty voice;
 My brain's too ſteddy to be turn'd with noise:
 No earth is hurtful that ſhe's pleas'd to grace;
 I'd run to meet her though in any place;
 On any ground where *Alexander* trod,
 And dare behold him, were he twice a God.

Par. Brave man, whoſe fault is, that thy ſoul's too great,
 That ſcorniſg fear, neglects it's mortal fear,
 And whileſt your lofty ſpirit ſoars too high,

The Rival Kings.

9

Views not the Precepe beneath your eye.
Look back, from this unhappy place remove;
Haste, and preserve the greatest stock of Love.

Oroon. I cannot till she does my burthen light;
My Loves so great, I stagger with the weight.

Par. You stay too long, and do your fate suborn.

Oroon. I have no fate; no threatening but her scorn.

Par. Shoul'd I but let *Statira* know ye're here,
You wou'd be threatned by the scorn you fear;
To save your Life, she wou'd with Love debate,
And rather be unkind to you, then to your fate.

Oroon. Ah gentle half of my much better part,
She cannot end my Life with greater smart:
To wrack me thus! 'twere better I shou'd try
Ten thousand deaths, than alwayes thus to dye;
If she won't see me now the Skye is clear,
What will she do when thickening Clouds appear?
When *Alexander* Thunders with his Drums;
Where will she find me when that Torrent comes?

Par. The Guards are set, and *Bagistanis* gone;
She cannot now be seen with you alone.

If she obey the dictates of her mind,
She soon will see you in a garb that's kind: ———
Gobelt of men, I dare no more be seen.

[*offers to go off.*]

Oroon. Stay charming Sister of my beauteous Queen ———
If you go to her, tell her, I am driv'n
By *Alexander* from my blessed Heaven;
And to the bottome of despair decline;
We too can ne're in one *Horizon* shine;
There like the Sun, Ple lay me down at Night,
And drown in sorrowes all my past delight. ———
Tell her, some God, whiles slumber seals her Eyes,
How pittifully *Oroondater*, lies;
That in kind feeling of the Tears I shed,
She come like *Thetis* to my wat'ry Bed.

Par. All this, and more, my Tears from Yours shall plead.

[*Exeunt Parisatis and Melanthe.*]

Oroon. The Gods renoun your Charitable deed.
Araxis, come, my hopes of this dayes Fate,
The buliness of my Life and Soul create.

Arax. Let's watch it then, and mingle with the shew;
Hid in the Croud, we unperceiv'd may go.

Oroon. Look down, Omighty Love; behold thy flame
Swallow'd, and burri'd, in the Conquerours Name:
In vain thou shoot'st, and aim'st at faithful hearts,
When he sustains, and shivers all thy Darts:

While his Ambition does new worlds run o're,
He'll bind thy fury, and revenge thy power.

[Exeunt omnes.]

*Fine Actus Primi.**Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.*

Alexander, Ephestion, Lysimachus, Cassander, Philip,
Bagistanes, and Captains in great State.

Alex. **T**HU S far with Thirst of Fame we have descry'd.
The modest World that wou'd her secrets hide,
And track'd her where she to the Ocean ran.

Diving her head under the spacious Main,
Till a remoter World she rise again.
Thither in hollow Trees with Wings we flew,
And left old Countries to discover New;
Nations by Nature taught, and distant so,
Beyond the reach of any mortal Fo;
Dwelling in Tents, unus'd to civil power,
And having nought t'enrich a Conquerour,
Fly where their flock of Land can ne'er be spent,
Finding no End of their vast Continent,
Leaving behind them for the Victors gains,
Famine, and Plagues, Rewards for fruitless pains.

Lys. The Gods, Great *Alexander*, thought it fit
The vanquish'd World shou'd to your Arms submit;
When in a dream they did *Olympia* shew,
She to a God did her conception owe.

This Fame told loudly to the amazed Earth,
What they should look from such a wondrous birth.

Cas. First haughty *Greece*, which *Philip* ne'er cou'd Yoke,
Her Proudest Cities Necks bends to your Stroke;
Then all that side *Euphrates* joyn with them
To gain for you the *Persian* Diadem;

This with three Battels from *Darius* won,
Was but one step to Mount your mighty Throne.
Then with such speed on Conquests Wings we got,
Rise with the Sun, and met it where it fate;
Nothing to hinder us, but by the way
We took bold *Tyre*, that's built upon the Sea;
And Mountains big with Woods we tumbled down,
That frighted *Neptune* from his Royal Town.

Phil. We sought fierce Nations, nourish'd up with damps,
Whom Rocks of Ice immur'd in frozen Camps;

The Rival Kings.

11

With shouts we made the trembling Earth to sweat,
Loosing the Shackles from it's tender Feet,
Which soon Rebell'd, and us did onward lead
To catch those Fish that on the Land did breed.

Lys. From thence we pass'd to th' Suns beloved Soyl,
To utmost *India*, and those Nations soyl,
Till we were stopp'd by Heav'n, and Natures eyes.
Huge Furniture, and Arms of mighty size
We scatter'd here and there to take all Eyes,
And make the World to come beleive, and shew
The Souls were great that did those Bodies owe.

Cas. Great Son of *Philip*, do not then begin
Vain and imaginary Worlds to win;
All that there is, is subject to your sway;
Bless then in Peace, Sir, this your early day.
The Gods to you at thirty years have given,
More then the greatest *Heroes* boast in Heaven.

Eph. Forget not, Sir, the time you were so bold,
When clad in Armour made of shining Gold,
As on the *Oxydracon's* Wall you fought;
Thence like a Star into the Town you shot;
And aw'd the People with a Godlike Frown;
Who thought from Heav'n, that *Mars* himself leap'd down.
At awful distance stood the wandring Croud,
Let fall their Arms, and call'd thee God aloud.

Phil. Live then, great Sir, to dissipate our fears,
And Chronicle your self a thousand years.
No more in vain your precious minutes shed,
Tempting the Fates to think y'ar Mortal bred

Capt. Great Son of *Jove* —

Alex. Confusion seize thy tongue —

Hear no more of such a *Syren's* Song.
To *Clytus* death I owe a deadly shame;
Swell'd with a Sound, and poyson'd with a Name
I hurt my self, and madly was to blame.
What canst not thou *Ephesian* bear a part,
And share of dangers where thou sharest a heart.
Shall a few Creatures whom we found abroad
In Beds of Snow, which with our breath we thaw'd?
And feather'd *Indians*, who before they bled,
Like flocks of Birds before our Eagles fled;
Small Trophies there we got, or here can get;
Shall this suffice to gain the Name of great;
Stain to our Armies, we have no Conquest won,
If we do lye at ease at *Babylon*,
And shrink at Glory e're we put it on.

NE

W

Eph. I'll on, while your Example I behold
With wonder, which shall like a fixed Star
Direct my wandring Youth, till I am Old,
And guide my soul in peace, and Armes in War.

Alex. Millions of pleasures on *Euphrates* lye,
Swelling her Banks with plagues of luxury;
They more than all, the dangers you withstood
Will dant your Courages, and chill your blood.
You see her gullded Tow'rs, and Turrets pride;
But they come short of beauties that they hide.

Eph. Beauty I've heard, the Gods did first ordain
To cherish Valour and reward it's payn:
This hea'ven-born Creature for your entrance staves
To deck with plumes of love your gullded Bayes.

Cass. The Armyes all must on your Center more;
This time is sacred both to you and love;
When you lye downe 'tis fit that war shou'd cease,
And treat you with an universal peace.

Bag. Thus humbly I my mighty charge religne,
Darius Empire, and his Royal Line.
Retire, great Sir, and all your hopes possesse,
Adorne your Conquests with loves happiness.
The blest *Statira* does her self prepare,
To weave you Chaplets of her Golden haire.

Alex. Tell her I waite, and only for her stay
To Crowne the Triumph of this happy day. [Exit Bag:]
Now my *Ephesion*, guard thy tender Breast;
I'll shew thee halfe wherewith my soul is blest.

Eph. What need I shun whereof I am possesst?
In *Athens* late you nip'd my forward growth.

And from my tender studies broke my Youth;
Then call'd me to you from my Country far
To waite upon you, and to teach me War.

In Battails toiles, when you the day had spent,
You'd take me to you private in your Tent;
There, as to shelter in some silent grove,

You'd shut me in, and tell me tales of Love.
Your charming tongue did open my breast so wide,
Love shot in shafts, on which himself did ride.

When on *Statira's* Picture you would look,
Faire *Parisatis* forme from you I tooke.

Alex. What I then told thee did but breed desire,
Which her bright Eyes will kinde into fire:
Thou but indur'dst the skirmish of a Fight.

I touch'd thy Breast, but she will kill thee quite:

Eph. Wou'd she wou'd come: I long to be thus slayn:

The Rival Kings.

13

For ought that I know, 'tis a pleasant pain:

Yet if to be in love, so mortal be,

What makes so many happy, that we see?

Alex. Such are, whom love a kind acceptance shows,

Your Fate by chance may make you one of those —

Behold how these faire Goddesses appear!

Eph. O Gods! But which is she that I must feare?

Enter to them Statira, Parisatis, Women, Bagistanes and attendants at one door, and Oroondates, and Araxis, at another door, at some distance.

Oro. Here we will stand, and dare the worst of fate, [*to Ar. aside.*
She cannot find us in this throng of state,

Alex. So Venus look'd, so Venus smote from far.

The Iron bosome of the God of War;

So look's the Sun, so the Spring sweetly smiles,

When the cold deadly Winter it beguiles;

Thus welcome is the day into his sight,

Whom many years was banish'd from the light.

Let me presume to touch this sacred hand,

As Mariners, when they the Port have gain'd,

Do bless the shore, and kisse the welcome Land.

My Crimes of War have made me guilty come

To choose from you a soft, and gentle doome.

Sta. Hold *Alexander*, tempt me not in Vain; —

Behold the blood that does your Ensignes stain.

Is not this *Persia*? did not all this State,

Before 'twas yours, on great *Darius* waite?

Is not the sweet and cleer *Araxis* Flood

Choak'd with dead Bodyes, poyson'd with their blood?

Crown'd with this purple horror on thy head,

Do I not blush to see thee looke so red?

Alex. When first your Country felt my angry Armes,

They straight were pleas'd at faire *Statira's* charmes,

And soon were sorry for the blood they spilt,

And sought abroad to wash away the Guilt.

That for one Kingdom from *Darius* torne,

I'll sacrifice an hundred to your scorn.

Sta. Those ner'e can come from petty *Macedon*;

Thou bring'st and giv'st me, what is not thy owne;

And all your borrow'd glory but appears

Deck'd with the Flaggs pull'd from my Fathers herse.

Alex. What have I done, ye Gods? To see you frowne,

Is more to me, than you to loose a Crowne.

Sta. No fatal Monarch, still your Crimes pursue;

You are their darling, can't commit a fact,
They have *Darius* punish'd, and not you,
And scourge the world for all the wrongs you act.

Eph. Ah gentle Goddesse, be not angry now;
Disperse the storm that hangs upon your brow,
Which o're your beauty such disturbance seems,
As windes create on smooth and Chrystal streams.
Vouchsafe that I your sister may adore,
And give a heart that was design'd before;
But let me beg you wou'd not be severe,
And in her frownes, as you in Beauties share.

Alex. Still I presume unhappy, to be kind,
That *Parisais* for my Friend design'd —
Let it be said the least of all my faults,
To give *Ephesian* to your kindest thoughts — [*presents Eph. to Par.*
More then a Crown he on his head shall bring,
He is my Favourite, more than twice a King.

Par. I must beleave the Man y'are pleas'd to grace,
May well deserve within my breast a place.

Lys. O Gods! What discord was there in that Voice!
She seemes to me as if she lik'd the choice.

[*aside,*

Sta. You are Ambitious to dispose of Fate,
And King for Love, and Love for Kings create;
So as y'ave slic'd, and given the world in parts,
You'd take upon you to dispose of hearts;
That you new Empires to the old might gain,
You'd rule ore love, as you o're kingdoms raign.

Alex. 'Tis an Ambition that from you I take,
To become great, and only for your sake.
I'll dedicate to Love my lasting Toyls,
And crowd his gilded Temples with rich spoiles;
His Altars shall with blood of Kings run o're,
And their lost Crowns, and Scepters fill his Store.

Sta. You give so much, your self seemes but the less;
You hide your Merits in this gawdy dress:
Love ne're will stoop to any thing, but Love;
The world may flatter me, but 'twill not move;
Love is too rich a jewel to be bought,
'Twill only be in 'its own likeness sought.

Alex. Those Ornaments to Love are iustly due,
Who gave them as rewards for loving you;
As he that wins the Prize at publique Playes
Offers his God the Garland of his Bayes.

Sta. You seek your Love in great and horrid formes,
As Sun shine dayes are met by dreadful stormes;
Your rav'nous Eagles in the Feild increafe,

Like

The Rival Kings.

15

Like Birds of prey, to rob this Dove of peace;

Alex. I'll scatter this Contagion, whilst it flies,
Like Clouds of Insects driven before your Eyes:
I will my self of power, and Armes divest,
And Love shall then in peace, and glory rest.
All that *Darius* held, I will restore,
And leave my self, without your favour poor;
I'll give you all that's in my power to give,
Yet after all, let *Alexander* live.

Sta. Ah Monarch! Thou canst never end this strife,
Till thou restor'st me to a Fathers life;
His Kingdomes I shall never wish to have;
And build my throne upon a Fathers Grave:
Had not those Trophies on his Death began,
I'de think the world has not a braver Man.

Oroo. O Gods *Araxis*, did you hear!

Alex. That you may see, how much his Death I grieve,
I'll Crown his head, as if he were alive,
And in the richest seat of *Babylon*;
The world shall to his Golden Statue run,
And pay more homage, then they do the Sun.

Sta. Desist that kindness; for 'tis only meant
To make thy pride his fatal Monument,
And let the world perceive by such a shew,
That a great God did to thy Fortune bow.
Why does thy Breast with such Ambition burn?
Cannot his life, and Empire serve thy turn?
Lending him rest within his silent Urne.

Alex. All powers on Earth are subject still to Fate;
Empires, as well as Men have sudden date.
The Gods look'd down that held the Fate of Kings,
And bad me one, and Arm'd me with their stings,
'Twas they, not I, your Fathers death decreed,
And they ordain'd I shou'd in all succeed.

Sta. The Gods have us'd thee but for punishment,
And soon will end those plagues themselves have sent.
The Gods thou mak'st the Authors of thy pride,
Whon'er consented, that thou shoud'st divide,
And snatch the husband from his woeful Bride,
Then tare the Orphans from their parents Eyes.
Which ne're can grace, but blush at Victories.
To us thou shew'st the Earth, yet holdest the Rains,
Darius Daughters are not pleas'd in gawdy Chaines
No *Alexander*, yet too low thou art,
Mounted on all the world, to reach my heart.

Oroo. Great God of Love thou hast thy pity shown,

[aside
Exeunt

The Rival Kings.

Exeunt Statira, Parisatis, and women, and Oroondates following at distance. Manent Alexander and the rest.

Araxis, waite you here ———

Eph. Will you be gone? ———

Alex. *Persia* had flood, had its tame Heroes been
But blest with so much spirite as this *Queen*. ———

Well, now, *Ephesstion*, have you found it true,
Women are worse than Armies to subdue?

The lye is not so faire, nor downe so soft,
But their hard hearts, are on the Anvile wrought.

Eph. But *Parisatis* sure, is all divine,
And cannot Sir, to cruelty incline:

Yet I am sad, but 'tis not that I feare
Her tender soul, but that she loves elsewhere.

Alex. You must not think she will at first oblige;
Women, like Townes, hold out a longer siege.

Enter one of the Captaines.

Capt. The world does to great *Alexander* send

All Nations proud to be your slaves contend:

Ambassadours from all parts, presents bring,

Begging you'd be, or else create their King.

Amongst the rest proud *Scythia* stoopes in time,

The greatest Empire in the Northern Clime:

For since the Battaille from *Darius* won,

That gallant *Oroondates* has been gone,

They Offer you his rich, and mighty Throne.

Ara. Ah farall Newes! ———

[*aside*]

Alex. That Prince if he be slain ———

There's not a Braver Heroe does remain,

And I with sorrow must his Empire gain.

Exeunt. Manent Araxis solus.

Ara. Go *Oroondates* now, and finde thy death;

Thou hast no place, no Earth, no Aire to breath,

But what is *Alexanders*; nay whats more,

He holds thy Love, and Fortune in his power.

Where shall we wander now? where be posselt

That we may live from care, and love at rest.

Reenter to them Oroondates.

He is return'd, for pity I'll refrain

To tell the news that will increase his pain.

Oroo. *Araxis* come, le'ts undermine our Foes,

And follow *Alexander* where he goes;

Let's watch his lookes, and Countermine his sight,

Till on *Statira's* Checks our Eyes do fight,

[*Oroo. offers to go off.*

Ara.

Ara. Stay *Oroondates*, are you in a dream?
Beware the Gulph, y^e are led to by the dream.
Unless invissible, you cannot passe!
For Jealousy through all things sees, like Glasse.
Let's straight return; 'tis dangerous staying here,
Your Carriage did suspiciously appear;
For *Alexander* saw when you went out,
And hater you he turn'd his Jealousie Eyes about.

Oroo. I have no soul, no Eyes, no thing that's sence;
They all have left me with that excellance.
I find my self like one of life bereft,
And nothing but a solid Carkasse left.
I'll find her through the dark, and let her know't,
T[']relieve my Body, as a light that's out.

Ara. Now it is almost neer retreat of day,
Whose hand-maid evening lookes so fresh, and gay,
T[']will make *Statira* to the walks repair,
And with her sweeter Breath perfume the Air.
Thither we'll go, by th['] secret way we came;
There you may find, but here you'll lose your aim.

Oroo. I'll find my Rivall wrap'd in his delight,
Who as the Globe, oft hides the Suns faire light
Stands betwixt me and my *Statira*'s fight.
I'll grow above him till I have discry'd,
O're his huge Bulke the treasure he would hide:
Why shou'd I fear this Monster of a Name?
Wherefore *Araxis*? Am not I the same?
Who striding o're the heapes his slaughter fill'd,
Sustein'd his mighty Arme upon my shield?
Then straight return'd a more substantial blow,
That made his head with shameful weakness bow;
And blush'd for greif, till he did understand,
It was no shame, from *Oroondates* hand.

Ara. The State retreats from the Kings private Room:
One of the Princeesses does this way come
Retire into the Garden Sir, before w[']are seen.

Oroo. Not stay! — I'll speak t[']her, if it be my Queen!

Enter to them Statira, Melanthe attended

So leaves of flowers, shut up in showers of Rain;
Open their bosomes with the Sun again.

Sta. Blessè me ye Gods! 'Tis *Oroondates* sure!
What passions does my trembling heart indure!
Why *Oroondates*, will you not obey?
See, see, *Melanthe* who does come this way.

Are you that haughty stranger then, who late,
Among the throng did on the Conquerour wait?
How durst you be so bold? Urg'd by what thought?
Was't Jealousie, or Love your Person brought?

Oroon. Ah glorious Creature; Blest of all thy Sex,
Urge not imputed Crimes my Soul to vex ——— [Kneels.
I'll tell thee, Dear, more soft, more sweet by far,
Than breath of Incense, or than morning Air,
Wing'd with my Love, and hurri'd by despair,
I brook through all the stops, that Fate cou'd rear;
Who can Love you, and be a slave to fear!

Sta. Rise *Oroondates*. *Alexander* sees;
The Gods do frown, and he on Earth decrees;
Like flaming horror o're the World's Darts,
And pries into the secret Lovers hearts;
That blazing Comet in the Skye beware,
Who threatens me with Love, and you with War.

Oroon. He cannot gentle Creature, do us harm;
True Love's a Pow'r that all the Gods will charm,
And winged Furies of the Air disarm,
While our united hearts with joyes are Crown'd.
No Fiend shall tread the sacred Lovers Ground.
Let him look down, this Meteor that's so high,
To see our Loves with all it's lustre vie,
And drop with wonder from it's borrow'd Skye.

Sta. The Gods to us are yet the more unkind.
Where shall we then those pleasant minutes find,
And seek out Love, while we do lye confin'd?
Unless in pitty he to us resort,
And meet us here in *Alexander's* Court.

The Watchful Dragon here disturbs our peace,
More strict, than that which kept the Golden Fleece.

Oroon. Since else y're lost to *Oroondates* quite,
I'll break your Chains; and with the Monster fight:
I only arm'd with Love, if you but say
Through all his Dev'lish Guards will force my way:
Defie this *Atlas*, if he durst be bold,
And lay at stake the Heav'n that he does hold ———
Say but the word, and I'll at once remove
The Scourge of Empires, and the plague of Love.

Sta. No *Oroondates*, cease this vain design,
He's at his highest, and will soon decline.

The Gods intime, in pitty of our tears,
Will rid the World and us of all it's fears.

Oroon. Never let's tarry, for in all that time
Our Love might reach, and up to Heav'n might climb.

The Rival Kings.

19

Let us not waste one moment of our Joies,
More worth than Crowns, and all such Worldly toyes,
Nor wait so long for *Alexander's* death,
But straight get out of this unlucky Path,
And turn our Eyes as from some Desert climb,
And never wish to look the second time.
Hence we'll repair to some blest lovely Isle,
On whose fair Breast, both Heav'n and Nature smile,
Far from the gaudy Train of dinstal Sate;
And we our selves will King and Queen create,
And each to other shall a Subject be,
Living on Earth, like Sphere in Harmony.

Sta. There at our Joies will none with envy burn,
Nor *Alexander* were he there, return;
He soon the weary hunted World would spare,
And find enough to glut Ambition there.
But Oh thou excellent man! I talk, while you
Neglect your safety, and my honour too;
I feel it strie within me: for by turns,
My honour blishes, and your danger mourns.
Dear *Oroondates*, spare your farther talk;
See me to morrow in the *Cyprus* walk.

Oroon. Go my propitious Goddess, thou that art
The Heavenly excellence of all my heart;
Take but one look, thou best of Deities,
And carry't from thee in thy Diamond Eyes,
That when the Conqu'rour comes to beg a Grace,
Bend thy dark brow, and shoot it in his Face.

Sta. Thou best of Men, all Joies about thee dwell.

Oroon. Thou Soul of Love, and all that's good, Farewell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Finis Actus Secundi.

D 2

The Rival Kings.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Parisatis. *Melanthe, as in the Garden. Ephession enters at a distance.*

Eph. **S**EE where the Refs, or is't not I descry
Some dazzling Constellation from the Skye!
Sare 'tis the rich Vermillion that does grace
The evening Sun sent t' adorn this place,
Or Venus self has left her Heavenly abode;
To Sleep on Earth with some immortal God —
Heark, how the Air with Gentle murmur Steals,
To catch the Odour on her Lips, that dwells,
More sweet than Breath, sent from the Coufflips Bed,
Or fragrant Banks with purple Violets spred.

A Song to be Sung by Oroondates unseen in the Garden.

IN vain dear Cassander in vain you employ,
Your precepts of Virtue my Love to destroy,
In thinking your breath, can allay my desire,
You cool but my hopes, and blow more the fire,
Though hopeless of favour, and slighted I were,
I could Love, while I live, condemn'd to despair.

But why do I wish for impossible things,
Such happiness fit for the greatest of Kings,
For to me are deny'd all blessings within,
But to pass by her door and afraid to go in,
Or if her by chance at a distance, I see?
My Soul at my Mouth is flying instant from me:

But when I come near her, I look and I gaze,
And somewhat would have, but am still in amaze.
When as with my courage, new breath I infuse,
Just ready to say, what I fear I should lose,
The thing that I thought on a sudden retires,
And my speech in a sigh on her bosom expires.

[Enter Lylimachus at the other d]

Lyf. A voice! To whom should this address belong?
O Gods! There's Parisatis listning to the Song!
Ephession too! O my prophetic Soul!
What shall I do to keep my fences whole!

Eph.

The Rival Kings.

21

Eph. 'Tis done — this was I fear some Rivals voice.
Lyfimachus the man ! Is he her choice !

Mel. 'Tis *Oroondates* sure, amongst the Trees ;
Par. Cease wretched Lover, cease thy sad complaint ;
Whilest no kind friend thy banish'd person sees,
With mournful tunes thou dost thy sorrows paint.

Lyf. See how 'e sets his amorous looks this while !
I'll overtake, and stab him in that smile ;
I'll break that case, his tempting beauties fill,
And all his precious balm of life will spill.
I shall turn mad to let my rage grow higher ; —
I will be patient, and unseen retire.

Par. I hear some coming ; let's no longer stay.

[*Exit. Lyfimachus, Parisfatis and Mel. offer to go off.*]

Eph. See, she retires, and he does lead the way.
Look back, O beauteous daughter of the Spring,
Whose divine presence, whiles these walks she treads
Makes chearful Birds with welcome Carrols sing,
And drooping flowers hold up their grateful heads.

Par. What beauty's this of which *Ephesion* tells ?
Can she augment the Joies with which he swells,
That holds a richer, and more blest repose,
In *Alexanders* bosome where he grows.

Eph. In *Alexanders* Lawrels I have laid
My head so long ; that I forsake his shade,
To dwell in your more comfortable sight,
Whose brighter beams create a fresh delight,

Par. I have no beauty, Sir, that I can boast,
Such as I had is all in sorrows lost,
Like forward Spring, kept back by winters frost.
The Sun that guilded o're with cheerful rayes.
My early morn, and promis'd happy days ;
By fatal *Alexander* is undone,
And quite eclips'd before it reach'd to noon.

Eph. What Miracle is this ! For who is he,
That cannot grant, what you wou'd wish to be ?
Where was deaf Heav'n, when you did bend to prayers ?
How could the Gods, but choose to lend their ears ?
One balmy sigh, and pearly tear's worth more ;
Then all the incense, sacrifice of Gore,
That they have had, ten thousand years before.

Par. You over value me ; all will not do ;
I still am wretched, and more lost than you.
The Gods are just, although they never will
Refrain, but punish *Parisfatis* still.

Eph. Ah ! why d'ye sigh, and waste that precious breath,

When

When the least word can charm the power of death.
 Why draw you up, and fill your breast with groans?
 Then let 'em out with all your soul at once:
 Where will this Messenger of grief depart?
 That bears upon his wings your gentle heart —
 Ah do not stir — I tremble to come nigh,
 And on your brightness gaze with such an eye
 As mortals look with wonder up on high.

Par. I am no Deity, yet will not endure
 To be approach'd, but with a flame as pure.
 You say you love, yet for the time you live,
 Expect no more from me, than Heaven can give:

Eph. Not to look thus; and sigh — how blest were I,
 Only to gaze upon you, till I dye;
 That with my Love my Soul might then expire,
 And both mount upwards, like gay sparks of Fire;
 Where I'll see your seat amongst the Gods prepare,
 And pine, and taste no Heav'n, till you come there.

Par. Still noble Youth, you cannot reach your bliss,
 With Love, as Heav'nly as your person is.
 There's nothing to deceive you, I wou'd hide;
 Another ha's surpris'd my dearest thought,
 I am his Pris'ner, and by honour ty'd;
 With richest gratitude my Love is bought;
 I have no room for such another guest —

Eph. The Gods forbid! — I dare not hear the rest —
 May not my hopes a fairer prospect view?
 Yet curst am I, and what you say is true.
 That fatal Oracle has sent me home,
 For ever damn'd, to undergo your doom.
 What shall I do? To whom shall I complain?
 To *Alexander*? That were too, in vain,
 You, and *Statira*, both contrive his end,
 She stabs him in his person, you in's Friend.

Par. Admire no more in what you call my charms,
 Shun 'em young Prince, their all but painted harms.
 Be happier then, and give your Love elsewhere,
 None that can Love will be to you severe:
 I boast not of the Chains I make you wear.

Eph. Ah do not think my steadfast Love can shake;
 You can as well the Vowes you made forsake;
 Your banish'd Man all his life long shall wait,
 Let others seem to Love, and stop at hate,
 I Love not you at such an easie rate.
 If e're you call me home, there will be found,
 Fix'd on my breast, your sad immortal wound.

Par. I dare not hear — you wound my tender breast, [offers to go off.]

Eph. You shall be pitiful, and hear the rest —
 See I conjure — My tears begin to flow,
 Thus fix'd, while I shed all my moisture so,
 Like *Nyobe*, I could a Statue grow.
 I guess my Rival, that your thoughts endure —
 But let me doubt still, rather than be sure.

Par. What tempted by the Object, you repeat,
 Your heart in time of absence may forget —
 I haste for pity, to remove the cause.

[*offers to be gone.*]

Eph. Pity forbids, but this my ruin draws.
 If once a day, you don't your presence give,
 I have consider'd, and I cannot live;
 Let me for ever then be doom'd to burn,
 Seeing your kindness to my Rival turn,
 And whiles The Ocean of your Love he bears,
 I thirst in vain, and quench it with my tears;

Par. If it be so, then think no more of me;
 How can you choose but hate this cruel she?

Eph. No, I'll retire into the shades below,
 Drest with a Willow Garland of despair;
 Where all are blest, I'll live in solemn wo,
 And with kind wishes Crown each happy pair.
 Oft as a Spirit I'll return on Earth,
 But take no horrid form that shall affright,
 But soft as evening Air or mornings Birth,
 In beauteous Dreams I'll study your delight:
 Then in the morning, watching while you wake,
 Before your Eyes like gleams of light I'll run;
 With breath of Amber I perfumes will make,
 And dart in Glories with the rising Sun.

Par. If you say more I must in pity drown. [*Exit Parifatis attended.*]

Eph. So the quick Sun; soon as his light is shewn,
 Leaving the World in darkness does go down.
 Go my divided Soul —

*Enter Lyfimachus, and calls back Ephestion,
 who was going out at the other door.*

Lyf. Ephestion stay —
 You have commands from *Alexander* to obey.

Eph. Why do you hinder me, and bid me stand?
 I know it was not by my Kings Command —
 I fear *Lyfimachus*, you envious are.

Lyf. 'Tis kindness bids *Ephestion* to beware;
 And as a Friend, I wish you to retreat,
 And see your danger e're it be too late —
 You tread a maze of a beauty to your fate.

This passage leads to death's eternal bands!

Preventless ruin at your entrance stands.

Eph. What fate is this, you threaten with your breath,
Nothing so fair as she can lead to death,

There is no fear, no horror where she comes;

Like Heav'nly light, she scatters Hell bred fumes:

Still where she goes, all deadly Forms she ties,

And melting dangers drop before her eyes.

Lys. You are too young, I see, and cannot find
The vast intregue, of fatal women kind.

Deceitful beauty, dress'd in golden smiles

Like flatt'ring lightning, quick, and silent burns,

As poyson pleasant to the taste beguiles,

So soon as drank, to deadly ruin turns.

Eph. You speak indeed; as if you felt it so,

But she ha's been to me the softest Foe.

Her soul appears all glorious as her face,

A shining Jewel in a Chrystal case.

Lys. 'Tis a false Light, that shewes like Heav'nly Fire,

Leading misguided youth, so far astray,

That straight in horrid darkness 't does retire;

And leaves him then where dangers fill the way.

A false disease, no cunning Herb can cure,

A treacherous plague, worse then a Callenture,

That to the Sea-men seems delightful meads,

Or tempting walks, bestrow'd with curious Flowers,

Then head long him into the Ocean leads,

Where the next wave his giddy life devours.

Eph. You shall not rail on Beauty I adore;

'Tis an offence, and I will hear no more.

Lys. You shall in ignorance no longer rove;

Know then 'tis *Parisatis* that I Love.

Eph. I see your kindness now; she is the self,

You bid me shun, on which you'd spilt your self:

Now I perceive, when *Alexander* chole

You out before the rest, to go for *Thrace*,

Why you rejoyc'd, and triumph'd at the cause;

Only to be first happy in my place.

'Twas *Parisatis* then that made you fly

With wings of Love, and not of loyalty.

Lys. 'Twas in defence of Love: can he be blam'd,

That sues for aid, when there is War proclaim'd;

When you and *Alexander* lots did cast

For all my hopes, 'twas time for me to haste.

Eph. Y^e are come too late, and you resist in vain,

What Heav'n, and *Alexander* both ordain.

Lys. I first this Jewel in my heart did wear;
You ne're had seen it, but I did it shining there;
Then when you knew, that I did Love before,
You have unjustly robb'd me of my store:
I hid her like a Treasure in the ground,
Which you unkindly have dug up, and found;
Like one who all his life have toil'd for wealth,
Spoil'd in a moment; and undone by stealth.

Eph. Because you were born first, and first had sight,
Must I in darkness live, and ne're see light,
Must he that miss'd, and saw the Sun not rise,
Never hereafter see it in the Skyes?

You may come short, unless you mend your pace;
Who last sets out, may soonest win the race,

Lys. Take heed; ill fate pursues thee in the Chase:
I, in the midst of thy Carrear, will stay,
And stand like a *Colossus* in thy way.
Though you with charms of youth, and beauty see
This glorious Sun shall be too quick for thee.
Or if it be n't; I like a storm will rise,
And in Eclipse convey it from thy Eyes.

Eph. What then, you think, that I can be afraid? —
I fear you not, though you my youth upbraid;
Though you with ods of years, and strength assail,
Young as I am, I can, and will prevail;
Full of the Deity, I am above
Thy reach, and walk enchanted by my Love;
Safe in his Magick Circle round my heart;
Who bears Loves wounds, can fear no other smart.

Lys. No more, when next thou seest her, thou shalt dye,
Although that minute, you for refuge flye
To *Alexanders* arms for Sanctuary.

Eph. Thinkest thou, whom *Alexander* loves, to fright?
No, then, to let you see, that I dare fight? —
I Love her dearly; by the Gods I do;
I Love her — Yes, and will, in spite of you.
Now I'll go to her, and if I mistye,
It shall be there, in death of extasie;
Upon her breast, as in a trance I'll roll,
Drowning in sweets, that fill the precious bowl;
And on her Lips, leave my departing Soul.

Lys. Come back again — What shall I do? — I will —
But thou presumest on *Alexander's* will.
I'll to my self this satisfaction give.
Though after thee, I know I must not live.

As they begin to fight, enter Oroondates, and Araxis, at distance, which makes Lyfimachus and Ephestion go out, and defer fighting.

Lys. Draw Sir —

Eph. Behold, we cannot end our strife —

Lys. Curst chance ! This but prolongs thy sickly life.

[Exeunt Lys. and Eph. Manent Oroon. and Araxis.]

Oroon. Ha ! Lets retire ; we cannot be alone,

Arax. One is *Lyfimachus* — See, they are gone.

Oroon. Of all the Grecian Captains, I've been told,
That he excels in Virtue, and is bold.

Who's the other ? —

Arax. I know not what he's call'd ;

Both gracious with the King ; but I admire,
They seem'd surpris'd, and did from us retire.

Oroon. This is the place, and this the blessed hour.

Leave me a while upon the long'd for shore ; —

Leave me. —

Arax. See Sir, as when a storm is o're —

Now y'are arriv'd, it scatters, and it clears,

And the like *Venus* on the sand appears.

[Exit, Araxis]

Enter to them Statira, Parisfatis, Melanthe, and attendants.

Oroon. Now is the light just fallen from the Skyes;
And blushes like the morn adorns those eyes.

Sta. Ah *Oroondates*, grasp me not not so hard,

Oroon. Deny me not this innocent reward, *[kisses her Hand.]*

As the kind Sun does to a frozen boat,

Bridle the poor Bark into a float

Then gently bathing o're it's melting sides,

It lifts it self above the swelling tides ?

All those thick Joyes that lay conceal'd below,

Swell o're the brink, and their long bounds o're flow.

Sta. Ah *Oroondates*, I have newes to tell

Will sink your Soul, and chain the Powers of Hell.

Oroon. Think not *Statira*, that my breast can own

A passion for the losing of my Throne.

Thou brighter Jewel than the *Seythian* Crown.

Be thou but constant, as thou now art kind,

I shall a lasting Throne of greatness find,

More Riches, then in all the World there shines,

In Diamond quarries, or in Golden mines ?

There is no wealth, but what abounds in thee,

Thou sweetest Soul, thou true Felicity.

Re-enters

The Rival Kings.

Re-enter to them Araxis, in haste.

Arax. I haste, and yet I fear I come too slow;
Like a huge Torrent that does overflow;
The King is here, and ha's surpris'd you now.

Sta. What shall we do? —

Oroon. Heedless Araxis thou —

Par. Go you, leave Oroondates here with me.

Oroon. There is no shape that virtue fears to see: —
Here I will stand in thy defence of Love,
Like Jove himself, and dare this Son of Jove.

Sta. Go, go, you put my soul upon the wrack! —
Fly this unhappy ground —

Enter to them Alexander, Cassander, Phillip, Bagistanes,
and Attendants. Guards.

Alex. Stay Sir; come back. —

What art, that darest such saucy Courtship shew?
And bend to th' shrine, where I presume to bow.

Sta. Retire Sir from the King; I'll undertake. —

Alex. By all the Gods, he stirs not for your sake.

Oroon. Do not for me to the least doubt resign;
Nought, but your fears can shake a heart like mine.

Alex. Tell me great Jove, who could suspect to see
So false a soul, in such a shape as she?

Where sacred Virtue wilt thou shew thy face,

When such as she looks with deceitful grace,

Methoughts I saw her high Illustrious mind

Sate only with severity inshrind,

And thought her like a stream, whose modest tyde

Does in Meanders from the Mountains glide;

Yet every where the bottom is so cleer,

Through all its Chrystal golden sands appear —

Convey away this upstart of my heart. —

Yet I will know thee first — Say, what thou art?

Oroon. I turn to tell thee, that it was not fear;

When you have known me, you'll confess I dare.

I ne're was question'd, and deny'd my name, —

Do you not know me then, nor who I am?

Sta. Y're mad, and wou'd your self in vain disclose:

For Alexander none, but Princes knowes.

Alex. You urge the more; I'll know him ere he goes.

Oroon. Behold; have you not seen this face in War?

Alex. I think I might, then tell me who you are.

Sta. I'll tell you who he is, let him be gone; —

His person cannot merit to be known.

Oroon. Tis Oroondates that you see again.

Alex. What *Oroondates*, that we heard was slain!

Oroo. Yes *Alexander*, that unhappy Man, I saw him slain; I saw his Whole Crown, and Empire to your fortunes ran; With base submission, which your Armies nere won, nor can.

Alex. If you so much your single valour prize,
How came you hither, in a tame disguise
And shun my presence, like the Birds of Night,
Which us'd to darkness dare's not for the light.
Dealing unlike a Prince, in dark designs,
And like a Coward, workes and undermines.

Oroo. Thus I wou'd shew, didst thou not hide my face.
Stand from before me in this blessed place.
Then bate the ods thy Mistress fortune gain'd
And this fair Queen in judgment of us stand,
Though like a flaming Beacon thou dost fright
Tame Nations, Id'e look up, and shine as bright.

Alex. Then you can boast of what she me deny'd
And shew'd her scorne, I took for noble pride.

Sta. If thou art gallant, *Alexander*, know,
That I so much to *Oroondates* owe,
Your self wou'd think I cannot less bestow.
If more than Freind, *Darius* life to save,
The hazard of his Crown, and fortune gave,
And this is all the pity I have shewn
A mean reward for losing of a Crown;
Tygers, and Monsters wou'd forsake their kind;
And melt, where so much gratitude they find.

Alex. Women when pleas'd their eager loves to show,
Swift with the stream of inclination go;
But if against that Tyde, they move but slow.
Y'are over just, where fancy shewes the way,
But leave your debt of honour still to pay;
Who can resist the Torrent of your wills,
That run more fierce, and cross than Fortunes wheels?
Wretched is he whose love maintaines your pride,
More then the slave that to the Gallies ty'd,
Who sweates, and labours, all for stripes and scorne.

Sta. Your mind is toss'd; Oat Seas of passion borne.
Know that my soul, scorning the Pompe of life,
Made me refuse to be the greatest wife,
And mount that Throne, my Fathers ruine built,
Making me guilty of the blood yon spill;
My vertue aim'd and shot the mark more high,
Holding me here when I might safely flye;
And rather chose your Chaines, then let my soul
By flight, be stain'd with a reproach so foul.

Oroo. Your cruel vertues, so severe inclin'd,
Hath been to me and to your self unkind.

Alex. Flatter thy self, but thou shalt never find
One jealous coward thought defame my mind,
My fortune like the Ocean that indures
Contrary windes, and all less streams devours,
Can ne're be Jealous, or afraid of yours.

Oroo. That fortune ne're had gain'd the Scythian State,
Had *Oroondates* but suspected fate;
Kings by false subjects are at first ador'd,
As sickle Nations court the rising Sun,
Blest with the sweet delight it does afford,
Till it has gain'd it's highest State at noon,
Then they forsake; and from its warmth they run.

Alex. I did from conquest of your Crown retreat,
Too little, to make *Alexander* great;
Scar'd with the height, to which my name did swell,
And stunn'd with noise of all my Arms, it fell.
I court no fawning Kingdomes to obtain;
The world it self does to my Fortune chain,
That sayes I shall a stand of greatness be,
Where Nations flow, as Channels to the Sea.
Nobler Ambition does my fancy move;
I like the gallant Eagle soar above,
And stoop to nothing, but the lure of love.
You do my Rival then your self create.

Oroo. Witnesse ye Gods, I glory more in that,
Than all the world can give, or th' smiles of fate.
I will not change the bliss that name can bring,
To be as great as thou, to be in heaven a King.
Nor quit the hopes my lingering love shall gain,
That like a Saint indures with zealous pain,
Till heav'n he gets through stormes of sighs and tears like rain.

Alex. That heav'n which you with such fair hopes persue,
You may behold, but ne're to be enjoy'd by you:
Yet, though my Rival, I will ease your grief,
And to the worst of pains will give releif;
I'll part your sight, which else must needs destroy,
Seeing that heav'n; which you can ne're enjoy.
Go where thou wilt, but never see her more.

Sta. Go *Oroondates*, whom, the Gods restore.

Oroo. Go *Oroondates*! — Gods can you consent,
That I shou'd dye for you in Banishment!
I do not fear thee, and I will not stir;
No, wert thou more then death a Conquerour;
In the worlds behalf will stand alone,

And pull back all the spoils that deck thy Throne
Tear me to Atomes pull my Eyes out quite,
Thou may'st as well part water and divide the light,
As think my soul can live out of her sight.

Alex. Thou shalt, and live to see the only blest,
Crown'd with her Love, inthron'd within her Breast.

Our joyes shall so Majestickly appear,
That thou shalt tremble, and not dare come near,
But hide thy face, for envy, and for fear.

Oroo. Not dare come near! — Beware that fatal time,
When I shall surely snatch thee in thy prime:
This Cloud thou fearest, shall then dissolve in Rain,
And pours upon thee like a Hurry-Cane. —
I tell thee, King, that I durst reach thy heart,
Eig with the horrid world, as now thou art:
Had'st thou the plague before, and Hell behind,
I in the midst wou'd thy dread Carkasse find;
Nay were it mortal, where thou send'st thy breath,
My furious haste shou'd blunt thy threatening death.

Alex. Livest thou to threaten whom the Gods defend?
Convey him straight to his eternal end
Death shall reward the valour you pretend.

Sta. Hold *Alexander*, hold, — He shall not go;
I ne're did beg of you, nor will I now;
Yet I dare boldly say, he shall not dy,
Unless his life with loss of mine you buy.
The life I brought in danger to be slain,
I am oblig'd in honour to maintain.

Alex. Gods. Did I ever yet resolve in vain!
Where be thy Conquests now that fill'd the world,
That by a woman here, thy resolution's hurld?
It shall be said that *Alexander* once was lost,
And in a labouring Sea of love was tost;
I will submit to be thy slave, O Love,
To please my self, as did my Father *Jove* —
Cassander, — I will but his doom enlarge —
Let *Oroondates* be your strictest Charge.

Oroo. Gods. How I hate this life you wou'd restore,
That nor my freedom's justly in your power;
Thy honour cannot let me be betray'd,
I was thy Prisoner once, and ransom paid.

Alex. If thou wert so, 'twas when thou wert unknown;
Th'art *Oroondates* now, and claim'st a Crown. —
Convey him hence — It is my last decree.

Oroo. They dare not do't, no, not thy Guards, nor thee.

Sta. Bear *Oroondates*, what the Gods ordain;

If you resist, you'll merit my disdain.
Both heav'n, and Love will for our safeties joyn :
Are Chains so grievous in the sight of mine ?

Alex. Sure such a spirit did from heav'n descend.
So great and true, we know not where 'twill bend.

*Exeunt Statira in anger, and Alexander attended, follows
her. Manent Oroondates, Cassander, Araxis, Guards.*

Cass. Methinks your looks such gallant rage do shew

As sits upon an angry Lyons brow :

Your lofty mind above the world is born,

And pays its Idle rage with noble scorn,

Retire, — and till I call, approach not near — [to the Guard

Let me be heard, Sir, with your private ear. [to Oroondates

Oroo. His presence Sir with mine you may indure : [meaning Araxis
For all my secrets, in his Breast are sure.

Cass. Fortune has set a man upon her wheel,

That never sees, how it goes downward still.

More then *Prometheus* plagues from Hell'e brings,

And heaps and layes them on the Necks of Kings.

Look up thou more than Man and all divine,

Bearing the honour of th' *Arseacean*-Line

Upon thy highest top, spread like a Lofty Pine :

With all thy *Scythian*-Glories dart upon,

And shrink the world again to *Macedon*.

Oroo. Wherefore this great Civillity to me ? —

Your words have meaning too I cannot see.

Cass. Look up, and never do the Cause inquire,
But quench this Flame that sets the world on Fire ;

To rid the Earth of *Alexanders* life,

To ease Mankind of universal strife,

Your Crown restore, and bless you with a wife.

Oroo. Were I releas'd, and from his Fetters freed ;

And had the possibility of such a deed ;

Though to be more then he by such an Act,

I'd fly the horrors of so base a fact ;

I'd kill him, but I wou'd not by surprise ;

It shou'd be then when most secure 'e lies,

When all his Guards are watching of his Eyes,

Th' Face of *Jove* and in the clearest days

When heav'n that saw't, shou'd nothing have to say.

Cass. In rules of virtue you are too sublime ;

Why shou'd it be to kill him such a Crime ?

Wou'd you not crush that viper if you cou'd,

That threatens with his sting your dearest blood ;

That fatal Man that stabs your soul in her ;

Eth' discipline of virtue, I'd go far,

The Rival Kings,

But fair *Statira's* Love I wou'd prefer.

Oroo. Convey me straight into the darkeſt hole;

Let me live ever like a dungeon Mole,

Rather than ſee the light with ſuch a ſoul;

But thou that ſhoweſt me this ignoble way,

Art ſent by him that wou'd my life betray.

Caff. No by the Gods, from him it was not meant:

I've try'd, and found you hard to honour bent:

I ſee your ſoul, and nothing elſe deſign'd,

But my true breaſt a harbour for your mind,

Where you might reſt your heart ſerene, and free

From tempeſts and your ſelf in ſafety ſee,

Your Godlike mind at ſuch a prize I rate,

That, though I pity, and deplore your Fate,

I cannot but admire, and imitate.

Accept the freedom that your ſoul does wear,

And I the fault of your eſcape will bear.

Oroo. Thou tryeſt my mind, and yet doeſt think I fear.

Go on, let me the rugged ſtroke feel;

Thou haſt one us'd to ſuch miſfortune ſtill,

That alwayes holds the Veſſel that they fill

With patient ſteady hands, that never ſpill

So when I can, your kindneſs I'll reſtore. [*Exit Oroo, with Guards.*]

Caff. My words are thrown, like duſt upon the ſhore,

This Treason then my ſelf will bear alone

Under whoſe mighty weight the Fates do grone

Sweating in clouds of horroure the evening Sun

Shall ſee the greateſt deed that e're was done.

[*Exit Caſſander.*]

Finis Actus Tertii.

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Caſſander, and Phillip ſeverally. Caff.

reading a Letter,

Phil. **W**hat news *Caſſander*, have you heard from home?

Caff. News, *Phillip*, that concerns the mightyeſt doom;

A ſovereigne Balme for the ſick world is come.

A certain trick for *Phillips* mad brain'd Son,

T'unravel all that Fate for him has done;

Such News, that heav'n by me alone commends,

And to the world it's pretious freedom ſends.

The Rival Kings:

43

The Gods have fate, and give the Fates no kinship, and I woe do
They'll change their great Vicegerent into a bellows,
My aged Father pours in every vein
Fresh blood, and ha's begotten me again.

Phil. The King I left inrag'd, and in a Flame
At Letters too that from my Father came.

Cass. Let him be so as long as 'tis his life;
It is decre'd he cannot burn too fast;
See here the greatest, and most powerful spell,
Pull'd from the very heart, and root of Hell;
Hatch'd in designe from *Aristotles* skull
To whom the subtil'st Feind of Hell is dull;
Thou ne're could'st find the flowing of the sea,
But this shall be of greater fame to thee.
Never let that disturb thy glorious mind;
That canst an Ebb for the worlds Torrent find.

Phil. *Antipater* our Father does impart
A secret found by *Aristotles* Art;
A Juice so fierce, and subtil, that no Case
Nothing can hold it, whence that will not pass;
But the cold hoofe of a scound'rel heavy As do
This deadly payson now from *Greece* is brought,
To give to *Alexander* in a draught.

Cass. Neer high *Olympus* le Crown'd with lofty Wood,
Under its shade, where mighty vapours brood,
That ne're sees Sun by day, nor Moon by night,
But with it's bending Front still pulles at the light;
In whose damp Beds, where grow immortal stings,
Clouds of dark spirits descend, and dip their wings;
Then o're the world with molting Feathers fly,
And scatter plagues, that breed Mortality;
From thence this mighty Tutor took a weed,
And did thereof this deadly drink compound;
That to his heart who drinks, it flies with speed,
And in his death no sign of payson's found.

Phil. Can the Fates suffer that so base a thing
Conspire the death of the worlds mighty King;
In this thou art in thy misfortune oblied;
All things deny to bear it to thy Bread;
But the most Coward, and ignoble Beast
But when; when shall be done this mighty deed?

Cass. No longer then this day it is decreed.

Phil. You bear the Cup, and you may do with ease.

Cass. By heav'n the thought does my round limbs please,
This night I'll do't, in his proud sacrifice,
And send him to his Kindred Deities.

Oh how I burn, and how my Cheeks still glow
Since like a patient Boy I took that blow.

Phil. I wish we were of *Oroondates* sure.

Cass. Virtue's his guard, and holds him too secure,
Only we two must all the brunt endure.

Lyfimachus I fear will not be won,

And others too, who will be glad when't's done,

And stand amongst the foremost for their share;

But for our own proportion, first let's care

You have your Armys won, and soon shall gain

Syria and over all the East shall reign;

And I by right, *Antipaters* first Son

Shall him succeed, o're *Greece* and *Macedon*.

Enter to them *Bagistanes*.

Bag. The King in haste does for your prisoner call;

Such labouring Tempests tols his mighty Soul,

That we, as when from heav'n we Thunder hear,

Crouch, and a blasting storme of lightning fear;

H'as for the Ambassadors of *Syria* sent;

The Gods yet only know what's his intent.

Cass. I'll instantly his gallant Rival bring

Phillip make haste, and in my absence place

The Macedonian Guards about the King.

Exit *Cassander* and *Phillip* severally.

Enter *Bagistanes*.

Enter to him *Statira* attended.

Sta. What change now weares the worlds inconstant Face?

What can its Masters mighty mind displace?

Why glories he i'th' fetters of the brave

That to the vanquish'd world is more a slave?

Ah *Bagistanes*, all my hopes still blast;

All my delights before enjoyment wast;

My envious star deny me but a trifle more;

The King does now for *Oroondates* send;

His rage in pompe does mighty pow'r attend;

He means to sit in Triumph on his bed.

Bag. You only now can Guard his innocence;

The Gods you serve have arm'd you with defence;

Beauty like yours can never want the power

To break the heart of this great Conquerour;

Go, interpolate e're *Oroondates* dyest

Revert the blow with' Glories of your Eyes.

The Rival Kings.

71

Whole Armies have been often broke in fight,
And wounded by the Sun with too much light,
This cloud but while you come, may overcast,
But can no longer o're your Beauty last.

Enter to them Oroondates, Araxis, and Cleodora.

See where the Noble generous Prince appears,
How like a lofty ship up in a storm he bears.
I go to see how the Kings passion cleeres. **[Exit Baglitanes.]**

Oroo. What heav'n is this I meet with in the way?
Nothing can prove unfortunate to day.
Thou light, thou betest Genius of my soul,
Goddeffs of life, that does my Fate controule,
The kindest Gods have sent thee from above,
With their divinest pow'r to rescue Love.

Sta. You Oroondates are your owne reward;
'Tis your own virtue does it's person guard;
If all I have can your protection bear,

You need not doubt to find your safety here.
Oroo. Brightness, and heav'n are dwelling in that Breast,
None but a God shou'd with that feat be blest,
Thou soft Elisium of eternal rest.

When first my heart was on Loves Altar layd,
So pure, and sacred, heav'n the offering made,
And in acceptance of it's chaste desire,
Burn't and consum'd it all with heav'nly fires
The flame has purifi'd my breast so fine,
You may behold my weeping soul within.

Sta. My soul in vain looks through it's mortal Cage,
And spying yours, does mourne to disingage,
Wishing to fly from Alexander's rage,
Where shall they meet these spirits so alli'd?

As two pent Birds that one another spi'd,
We faine wou'd flye, forgetting that we're ty'd.
What heavy Cloggs the caviours Body prove,
To break the heart of our aspiring Love?
Cou'd we now lay these Earthly Robes, but by
Like darting star, we'd shoot, and stick the sky,

And with the highest brightest Planets shoue,
And dwell where Alexander ne'r shall go,
There we wou'd raigne, and let him raige below.

Oroo. We'll chain this flesh, and our proud Bodystro,
Letting our souls out of these windowes flye,
Our Loves like souls their prisons shall despise,
And meet each other flowing from our Eyes.

There

The Royal Kings.

There they shall mingle, whiles our twilled fight,
As Lymbecks draw, shall lead them with delight,
Our humble Bodies in the rear shall stand,
Like two drawn Armies, ready at command,
That when our soules, their cheifs, in parly joyn,
They shall not dare to murmur, or repine.

Sta. Hold Oroondates cease this killing strife;
Give me my soul again, thou better life,
Against thy self thou yestest these forward hands,
That would make Alexander loop at their commands:
Lost and undone, if I do longer stay,
My ravish'd fences all will fly away,
They through my Eyes will their swift passage break,
And leave my tongue without the power to speak.

Re-ent' to them Cassander.

Cass. The mighty King of all the world possesse
With all things, but the fair *Statira* been,
Calls for the Prince, and to this place draws near,
His Friends about him gloriously appear,
Like the gay seasons that adorn the year.

Sta. I'll frown, if he but dares to disobey,
And blast him with a winters stormy day.

Oro. Thus as a Curtain drawn before a play,
Sh'as snatch'd my sight, and I in darkness stay.
It is ordain'd that I must see this night,
In deepest shadow then I'll lay me down,
And never more shall see the blessed Sun,
Statira then, thy faithful Loveguyes,
Thy Beauties, and my Rivals for thee,
Over my grave thou wilt more fondly lie.

*The Scene draws, and at an altar is discover'd Alexander,
Ephestion, Statira, Parkatis, Cybistarchus, Philip, Bagistanes,
Scythian Ambassadors, Persian Ambassadors, and other attendants
in great State, Preists, Strangers, Jupiter Hamon, Alexander comes
upon the Stage, reading Letters.*

Alex. Cassander

Cass. Sir I come at your Command,
With joy approach, and all attention stand.

Alex. Read these for me, and tell me the same,
That dares protest *Olympia* is to blame,
He much against her government complains,
Says he is wrong'd, whilest she would take the paines

There is the like from *Aristotle* too,
That writes what false *Antipater* has said, is true:
But I'll let *Aristotle* know one year

From my dear Mothers Eyes can wash her clear,
And drown a thousand thoughts that are severe,
What ail the *Priests*! They tremble, and look pale,
And all in fears forsake the sacred Rail. —
Give me the Bowl, and the Gods drink prepare.

Pro. The mighty *Jove*'s offended at our prayer:
We had done all, we thought, that Heav'n could prize,
Yet to th' alknowing God there did arise
Something displeasing in our sacrifice,
We kill'd a lusty slave, and of his blood,
The altar, and the sacred fire bestrow'd,
With richest Gumes, and forraign spices made,
That wou'd the ranfome of a King have paid.
Just in that moment which our thoughts inspire,
A cloud with thunder did from Heav'n retire
And quench'd, and scatter'd all the holy fire;
A horrid darkness fill'd the Temple round,
And of faint Groves was heard a dreadful sound.

Alex. T'atton the Gods with all our power we'll strive,
I have a Nobler sacrifice to give,
And vow this hour the offering to make

Oroo. Where is this sacrifice that you bespeak?
Is all this Ceremony for my sake?

Thinkest thou to fright me with this bloody deed,
To be the sacrifice that here must bleed?

Sta. The Gods protect the King from such a thought.

Oroo. Is mine the life that thy false *Priests* have bought?

With shew of piety to cover fate,

And treat the Gods with bloody Scenes they hate.

Swift vengeance have they for this Act in store.

And after I am dead, they'll thunder more.

Alex. I find that thou with grovelling sense dost move,

And canst not understand the Son of *Jove*:

The Gods that *Alexander* made, did lend

A soul too great for thee to comprehend.

Your self shall be the Judge of your own case;

Were I in yours, and you in *Alexander's* place?

Were *Oroondates* next the Gods above,

And I a slave intrench'd upon his Love;

What Mercy, or what Justice wou'd you shew?

On such a one you held within your power?

Oroo. Were I the Monarch of the world thou art,

I'd look beneath me with a Godlike heart;

[*Alex.* looking
towards *Oroon.*]

Not rob the humblest shepherds of their flocks,
Whom harmless Love in careless slumbers keeps;
Wert thou my slave, and wert condemn'd this hour,
I wou'd thy Love, and wou'd thy throne restore,
And give thee past thy power of wishing more;
That thy vast spirit shou'd into wonder shrink
I'd do; what thou hast not a soul to think.

Alex. Brave as thou art, thou canst not yet come nigh;
Thou shalt not have a thought to wish so high,
But I will reach it, and above it fly.
Madam

I've sent for *Oroondates* with designe,
That he may see how far above you shine,
And with your sacred virtue rule his fate, and mine.

Oroo. Having so bright an Object thou must do
What to her Beauty, and thy fame is due.

Alex. I will not have my love prescrib'd by you;
Yet I'll be both to Love and honour true.

The sacred pow'r of faire *Statira's* charmes
Has priviledg'd your person here from harmes:

Recourse to Love has wash'd away your guilt,
It shan't be said that I so roughly dealt,
To see your Blood in her protection spilt

Take that from me which none but I wou'd spare,
Your life,

Your freedom too, as unconfin'd as Air,
Ambassadors of *Sybia*, you are free;

Give *Oroondates* what you gave to mee,
With life and freedom I restore your Throne,

And with that sacrifice the Gods attone.

And for this victim on the Altar kill'd;

If they're not pleas'd with blood already spill'd;

They shall with thousands offer'd in the field,

* *Sta.* You have deserv'd, great Sir, and give us cause

To think the world most happy in your lawes;

This Act beyond the Glass of time shall run,

This gallant Act as clear as is the Sun,

Which none but *Alexander* could have done.

It doth my thanks and admiration raise;

So great, tis undervalu'd by my praise.

Oroo. Though in this publique Act you have deserv'd,

Virtu's not lost that has not been observ'd;

The Sun whose light sometimes we cannot see,

Yet rules the world by secret Sympathy;

I wou'd appear, but am eclips'd by you,

If thou art Noble still our hopes pursue,

The Rival Kings.

39

Alex. What wouldst thou have? What is there yet to do?

Sta. Nothing, for you beyond just hopes aspire,
And to do more is past the Gods desire.

• [*Priest gives Cassander the bowl, he offers it Alexander on his knees,*

Cass. The greatest God that you the world has giv'n,
To rule on Earth, as he does rule in heav'n,
That God who does all other Gods' controll.
Drinks to his Son in this Immortal Bowl.
Let heav'n look down with most auspicious Eyes,
Whiles *Joves* imperial Son does sacrifice.

Alex. takes the Cup, and bows to the Altar.

Alex. Accept, great *Jove*, the Son whom thou hast crown'd,
Who was the first thy secret Temple found,
Seated beyond the world in holy Ground.
Past barren *Lybia*, and it's dearest Lands,
Through hot parch'd Grounds, and over burning sands —
As the first frutes of all thou gav'st to mee,
I sacrifice the world again to thee,
And drink this Cup of Immortality,

Whiles Alexander drinks, the Statue of Jupiter Hamon falls down, with thunder, and lightning, and kills the Priests, Alex. lets fall the Bowl.

Alex. Ye Gods what's wanting in such vows as these,
That can the soul of *Jupiter* displease?
I'll send in haste for the most cunning Spyes:
To search the Oracle o'th' Deities;
But I'll through fate this dreadful Riddle find.
And know why *Jove* can be to me unkind.

Cass. We are betray'd by these base Prodigies,

The Language of the tell-tale Deities;

Philip stand firme —

I'll bear the guilt of all, least thou shoud'st sink,

And take the rest of the most fatal drink —

I charge thee stay me not —

[*exit, Phillip offers to hold his*

Eph. Ah Sir, retire from this most horrid sight;

I wish you had not sacrific'd to night:

A dream last night disturb'd my quiet rest;

Me thought I (leaning on your noble Breast)

Was in a moment snatch'd, and dispossest:

A flaming Charriot did from heav'n appear,

And took you in, whilst I look'd up with fear,

And saw you shine a Constellation there:

The Charriot gone that fill'd the place so bright,

I left no Ground and sunk in Darkness quite.

The Rival Kings.

Alex. Let not such fears thy gentle thoughts divide;
 This dream foretels thou shalt not Chariot-ride,
 With lovely *Parisatis* by thy side;
 This way we will appeale the angry *Jove*,
 And quench his rage with sacrifice of love. — [to *Oroondates*]
 To morrow Rival if thou darest be bold,
 Mine and *Ephesions* marriage to behold,
 Then in this place the solemn Rites we'll hold.

Oroo. That sight wou'd cancel all that's due from me,
 And from this gen'rous Act wou'd set me free,
 When you take back the life that you did give,
 And in ten thousand Deaths wou'd make me live,

Alex. Then your own time for your departure take;
 All shall be granted for *Statira's* sake;
 But for her self, thou mayest behold her here;
 But henceforth, as a Star, above thy Sphere,
 Where she shall reign the Queen of all the world.

Oroo. First let my Soul be to the Furies hurl'd.

Lys. Still in this Circle doest thou safely remain. [To *Ephesion*,

Exeunt Alexander leading Statira, Ephesion
and Lysimachus striving both to lead Parisatis.

Manent Oroondates, Araxis, and Scythian
Ambassadors.

Oroo. She's gone for ever, all my hopes are vain;
 Time backwards dash'd upon the Sea again;
 The wealth I thought I had, I did not hold;
 As Misers dream, and think they grasp their Gold;
 So the tir'd wretch with swimming looking round,
 Prepares his feet in hopes to touch the Ground;
 But finding none, he straight is sunk, and drown'd.

Ara. T were fit you talk'd of some thing that procures
 A grateful peace with your Ambassadors.

Oroo. These are the furies of the peoples Brain,
 That dare to sit upon a Monarchs reign;
 Not all the fire, nor all the feinds of Hell
 Can Act the rage that in *Plebeians* dwell;
 When they are mad and know not what 'tis for,
 Like winds they buffe, and like waves they roar;
 On those above 'em look with Envious stings,
 And mad because they cannot all be Kings.

Ara. At Kings they let their gorged stomachs fly,
 Belching out treason, sprung from Luxury,
 Behold with censures still bright Majesty,
 As base Astronomers look up and pry
 Into the Glorious Planets of the sky.

Oroo. Mercy the curse of Monarchs in this age,

That

The Rival Kings.

41

That breeds this plague, that shou'd be quell'd by rage; —

I'll like a Lion shake my angry Locks

And fright the Souls out of this Coward Herd,

And make them put their Necks into their Yoaks —

Amb. Great Prince. —

Oroo. Be gone — You shall have your reward —

You thought me dead, or els from pow'r debar'd; —

I'll send you home with Chaines upon your feet,

With that reward you shall your Masters greet.

[*Exeunt Amb. bowing*]

Ara. What shall we do Sir? shall we go or sta
To morrow is the great, and fatal day,

That takes your Love, more than your life away

Oroo. I'll stay, and dare the worst till it be past,

Till Love in spite has thrown his utmost cast;

Then as the Body of on sense bereft,

Increases in the other senses left,

Honour shall side and help the weaker part,

And rouze with Noble deeds my sinking heart.

I'll follow Armes till my loud Fame shall prove

As great a Rival to him, as my Love:

His Jealous soul shall fly to find me out,

Through all Loves Charms that fence his heart about.

Reenter to them Lyfimachus.

Lyf. When shall this breast be free from Jealous pain?
Ye Gods! Am I prevented once again?

Oroo. My Eyes deceive me, if it be not true,
You are *Lyfimachus*, to whom all worth is due.

Lyf. The brave, and valiant *Oroondates* you,
Whose mighty mind above the fates aspire;

Heav'n cannot lend a grace to mount it higher;

The greatest Lover, and the bravest Man,

That dare doe more than *Alexander* can.

Oroo. You make me blush at what I can't deserve
Such praise my modesty must not observe.

Lyf. Cease *Oroondates*; mark the threatening shower
That hangs o're us — To morrow brings the hour,

When both our Loves shall feel Tyrannick power.

Besides your self, there is one wretched more,

Who *Parisatis* does in vain adore;

Yet there's a glimpse of hope my fate procures,

Which I will follow, that is not in yours:

Statira ne're can hope to be your wife,

Without attempt on *Alexander's* life:

G

The

The Gods protect the greatest King from harms ;
 But had *Ephesion Parisatis* hand,
 Though bound by Hymenyal sacred Charms ;
 Without the aw of Duty or command,
 I'd snatch him out of hers, and *Alexander's* Armes.

Reenter to them Ephesion.

Look where this lov'd *Ephesion* does appear.

Oroo. Let him not see that we are talking here.

Lys. This moment is an Age while you retire.

Exeunt Oroondates, and Araxis.

Eph. Lyfimachus, I come at your desire ;
 I read your looks and understand your sign,
 And hope you did not misinterpret mine ;
 Though you have call'd me from my only blifs,
 And greatest pleasure that on Earth there is.

Lys. For all that I can say, it is decreed,
 That you'll run on, and Love with fatal speed.

Eph. To morrow e're the Sun forsake the Morne,
 A bride shall be by *Parisatis* worne,
 And thou a poor neglected Rival burn.
 The Gods with musick of the sphere: shall move,
 And fill the Temple with delights above,
 To usher *Alexander's*, and *Ephesion's* Love.

Lys. Tw'ere fit before, that you your self went there,
 And did in time this Heav'nly Masque prepare ;
 'Twill ease the Gods of an important care
 Darest thou defend thy false, and treacherous flame ?

Eph. Against the Starres in *Parisatis* name.

Lys. Those Starres are angry, and, thy life conspire ;
 Therefore desist, and from her Love retire :
 Feed not thy youth with such a vain design ;
 For by the Gods, she never shall be thine.

Eph. The Gods are pleas'd and will in time fulfill,
 What they've decreed in *Alexander's* will ;
 But you are Mad ; I'll give you leave to talk.

Lys. Follow me then into the *Cyprus* walk.

Eph. Go on ; I fear not all thy strength, and ods.

Lys. Nor I, wert thou the Minion of the Gods.

Eph. I follow thee — May *Parisatis* charmes
 Crown but my Love, as Love shall Crown my Arms. [*Exeunt Omnes*]

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Alexander discover'd in torment, Statira, Bagiflanes,
And Captains.

Alex. **O** There it went, and struck through ev'ry part ;
The hand that from my Bosom pul'd a Dart
Ne'refelt me tremble with the sudain smart ;

But this like-lightening parches every vein,
And lends to death a thousand speares in pain.
What have I done ye Gods that you give o're ?
Was I so great that I cou'd be no more ?
Great Jove, did my vast name so ponderous stand,
Not to be fix'd by thy immortal hand ?

Ephestion — Ah the Torment that I feel ;
The world turnes giddy and begins to reel,
Leans on one side, and shewes its fatal keel

Sta. Heav'n keep the thought of treason from your mind ;
The Gods be to your noble life more kind ;
I wish by *Metheus* I had bin your wife,
Rather than you shou'd think I hate your life

Alex. Far be my soul from such a thought possess,
That Sin should dwell in your Illustrious breast.

Sta. Ah may you find more worlds, and them subdue,
If you can be so kind to think me true.

Alex. Most generous Princess, by the Gods I do :
All that besides a God can feel, I'll bear,
And think no mortal man such treason dare ;
If such a Monster on the Earth were bred,
Through all my pangs of Death, I'd look him dead.
I'd pull back life, and wou'd that strength recall,
Which held the world, and on his head wou'd let it fall.

Bag. Send for *Physicians* Sir, to give you ease,
That will consult, and find out your disease.

Alex. That were to storm my life with greater force ;
Physicians were invented for a Curse,
To plague Mankind, and make diseases worse.

Phil. Who knowes ; but your distemper is the same,
When after bathing in cold *Cydims* Flood,
No sooner you out of the water came,
But such unusual paines did seise your Blood.

Alex. Oh there it hit me with a fatal blow ;
That when I'de hold of life, it made me bow ;

Loosing my hands and faintly let it go —

Ephestion — Where's *Ephestion* ? — Run, straight, fly ;

Shall I not see *Ephestion* ere I dy ?

What have you done with him ? Go fetch him straight ; —

D'ye stand ? — Go fetch him ere it be too late.

[*Exit one of the Capitaines, Alex. turns to Statira weeping*

Strange tickling paines through all my senses creep,

With joy in Anguish bred, to see you weep. —

O save those tears you shed, each pretious drop,

The wealth thereof a sinking State wou'd prop.

Sta. Weak, and defenceless my poor grief appears ;

Cou'd I but with these Floods your paines disperse ;

I'd melt my heart, and weep it out in tears, —

Alex. My dear *Ephestion*, I shall never find !

Sta. How fares that heart, the greatest of Mankind ?

Alex. As he whose spirit does condemn his fate,

Bearing a heavy burthen on his Back,

Stretches, and rises with the mighty weight :

Such strength brave minds from their misfortunes take. —

Madam, the time will come that I'll be low ;

This lofty tow'ring Pinacle must bow,

And you'll be rid of this great Man that made a show ;

As a bright Star, the darling of the sky,

That you behold so glorious, and so high,

Drops on a sudain from your wondering Eye.

Sta. Oh say not so, unless you take me too,

Or stay you here and let me dy for you.

Alex. I will not dy : You'll see that I can rise,

Blest by your hand, and guided by your Eyes —

[*Alex. rises up supported by Statira.*

Ephestion come, we will new worlds obtain,

Let loose the old and hunt it o're again.

*Enter to them Ephestion wounded, led in by Parifatis, and
a Captain. Ephestion and Parifatis sit down on one side
of Alexander, and Statira on the other*

Eph. O bear me quickly ; do not let me stay —

But if you stir you take my life away. [*to Par. Offering to unband him.*

Break wretched heart, 'Tis time for thee to end —

Ephestion's dearest soul ; *Ephestion's* Friend ; [*throws himself on Alex.*

What ails the joy of Men, and Gods above ?

Speak dearest of my heart, dearer than Love.

Alex. He's faint, and pale, and his poor heart does bleed —

It streams — O Gods ! Who did this bloody deed ?

Traitors of Hell, y'ave shew'd your utmost wrath. —

Ephestion !

Epheslion! soul, there's treason on us both.
I can the Authour of My death forgive;
But he that kill'd *Epheslion* shall not live.
That God who raig'n'd auspicious at my birth,
Lend me the strength, with which I held the Earth;
Cassander, and my Bands of *Macedon*,
I'll fetch my self, and kill' em ev'ry one.

[Offers to rise

Eph. Ah sit you still, and rest this Noble heart;
You than my wounds do give a greater smart.
Lyfimachus I urg'd this wound to make,
And we both fought for *Parisatis* sake.

Alex. Lives 'e ye Gods? Go fetch him instantly;
Let me the pleasure have to see him dy,
Then let my soul with satisfaction fly, ————
Now, now a thousand daggers pierce my skull:
Refuse, as on a Bed of spikes I roll.
Yet I will bear it, by the Gods I can;
I'll live to have you all condemn'd and slain,
If they will grant *Epheslion's* health again.

Eph. Ah mind not mine, whiles you neglect your own;
Long may you live, and Guide us like the Sun,
And we shine by your light, as does the Moon.
Leave not the world to be by fate betray'd,
And us to dwell in everlasting shade.
Ah *Parisatis*! ————

Let not my Rival shew the King his face;
But keep him ever in that blessed space,
Safe in the circled Armes of your embrace;
The Gods should not have forc'd me from that place
Had I been there ————

Par. I'll pull him from my Breast, ————
And you shall dwell my soul's Eternal Guest.

Alex. *Statira*! Oh *Epheslion*, how I burn!

Sta. Ye Gods! Now all my griefes again return!
I did not think there cou'd be yet a cross,
That I cou'd mourn after *Darius* loss.

Eph. Ah *Parisatis*! ————
It is in vain, the pity you impart;
My death admits of Rivals by no Art. ————
Give me your hand ———— The Gods are so severe,
To grant life hence; but then to snatch it here.
Look down O heav'n and your own Actions mourn;
Releive the greatest Man that e're was born.
Thou great, thou only excellently good,
Heres Love, and freindship swallow'd in a Flood,
And drown'd in stormes of sighes, and tears of blood

[to *Par.*
[to *Alex.*

O the last drop that trickles from my heart !
I wish ye Gods, 'twere Nectar to his smart.

[fainting]

Alex. He's gone — see too the furious and rebellious Sun,
Slave to the many Battails I have won,
Ha's in this very moment broke his chain,
And in revenge shot all his fire into my Brain.
The Gallant Eagle too, that o're my head,
So oft in sign of Victory has fled,
Shook with the terrour of my fere, lyes dead. 3
I'll search *Joves* Lap, where brighter Eagles are, —
'Tis a great way — I'll mount on yonder Star. —
See Madam, see, above the blew pav'd sky, 3
Do you not see my dear *Ephesian* fly? 3

Eph. Lo dearest Son of *Phillip*, here am I : 3
I'll rob once more this treasure of my health.
And safely in his bosom lodge the wealth,
Stealing to him insensibly this kiss,
And in his breast will transmute the bliss.

[Eph. kisses Paris. hand, then turns to Alex.]

See thou below'd thy *Macedonian* Boy,
Brings the last fruites of his expiring joy.
Think who thou art, thou Royal Son of *Jove* ; 3
Revive that heart, that does *Ephesian* Love ; 3
See I can never from this Center move.

Alex. Ah my *Ephesian*, art thou yet alive !
What sawcy Spirit told me thou wert dead ?
Eph. I will not dye if thou wilt cease to grieve,
But live to see more Crowns adorn your head :
May ne're such Love their frozen spirits warm,
That did the God-like *Alexander* harm.
How fares my heart ? How favours it's disease ? 3

Alex. Believe me Boy that I am all o're ease ; 3
The thoughts of this does ev'n deaths horreur please. 3
I will *Lyfimachus* his Pardon give,
And will do any thing, if thou wilt live :
Thou art my darling hopes ; if thou art slain,
When I am dead, who shall the world maintain ? 3
Or who for these fair Queens, *Darius* loss regain ? 3

Enter to them *Lyfimachus* threatening the Guards, who keep off.

Lys. Be gone — Who does not instantly depart,
By all the Gods, this dagger's in his heart.
I need no Guards to call my duty home ;
Faster I'll fly than you can make me come.
Ah Sir believe me I my life despise ;

Think you I'll live to see death close your Eyes?
Down at your feet your faithful Subject lies,
Whose life for you's an humble sacrifice.
I did *Ephesion* wound, and that I did,
I beg that I may suffer for the deed.

[*Lys. kneels*

Par. Thou mighty soul, look with a gracious Eye;

[*Sta. and Par. kneels*

Ah pardon him, and be a God more high, —
See who 'tis kneels, *Statira* 'tis and I.

Sta. Breath life, thou great, and only God-like man.

Alex. Spare him that style, who nothing does nor can.
My mind indeed, that struggles with my fate,
But holds my shatter'd purposes too late,
Shews I am *Alexander* yet, but no more great.

Eph. By all the dearest Love that dwelt in us,
Forgive, forgive the brave *Lysimachus*.

Alex. And dost thou beg his fatal lifes reprove. —
Rise then, and thanks to poor *Ephesion* give.

[*to Eph.*
[*to Lys.*

Lys. Still I am curst and have no right to breath,
Nor wish to live till you are free from death;
Thou more illustrious than the God of war,
Dark as in hell we all benighted are,
To see thee drop down from us like a falling Star.

Enter to them Cassander supported by two of the Guards.

Cass. Quick, quickly bear me e're —
I sink into the Concaves of the Earth.

Eph. What horrid scene of death is this? What birth
Has the base world in this one day of fate brought forth?

Alex. Thou look'st as if this Tale thou woud'st unfold,
Be brief *Cassander*, thou wert ever bold.

Cass. I by the fury of thy fate am hurl'd,
And sent to fetch thee to another world.
Does not th' Ambition start, to here it sail'd,
New wreathes of Conquests shall adorn thy head;
Lawrels that time ne'er kills, nor envy fades,
But flourish thick in everlasting shades,
'Tis past thy own proud heart to be again —

By *Jove*, great *Alexander* thou art slain;

Thou canst not live an hour —

Eph. Forbid O heaven! —

Sta. And the all mighty Sun. —

Eph. Unsay what thou hast said. —

Alex. Let him go on. —

Cass. Hadst thou a thousand lives to guard thy soul,

In *Hercules* his 'cupth'ast lost 'em all,
 And drown'd thy self in that immortal bowl.
 This in revenge of blood the Gods have done,
 Much for the world, but more for *Macedon*,
 For *Clytus*, brave *Parmenio*, and his Son.

Eph. Where was this treason damn'd in Hell begot?

Alex. Live, and discover who was in the plot.

Cass. Tis he whose name shall never be forgot,
 But live, when by this deed his does expire

That did *Diana's* Temple set on fire;
 With greif, that he did touch this man of heaven,
 To whom rich Nature all her stock has given,
 Consulting those above, who joyn'd to fit
 Thy soul for all things admirably great;
 Till so unjust, and tall'n to that degree,
 Thou most ingratfully a God would'st be,
 And *Phillip* for thy Father didst disown,
 Lifting to heav'n thy humble *Macedon*;
 Kill'd thy best friends that all thy faults wou'd shew,
 And none but to curst flatterers wou'dst bow;
 Ravish'd the widdows teares, and virgins smiles,
 And all the wealth of nature turn'd to poyles;
 Led by a whore, to gratifie thy lust,
 Didst turn the fam'd *Persopolis* to dust.

Lys. Ah let me send him to eternall night.

Alex. Still let him rail; Ple hear him with delight,
 And dare death, and the villaines utmost spite.

Cass. Thou like a Plague wert through all Nations sent,
 Till the kind Gods in pity now relent,
 And throw away their wrathful instrument.
 I kill'd thee, and do glorying in it dy,
 To have it said hereafter, this did I,
 Nor wou'd the Credit o't for life exchange;
 For I have done it in the worlds revenge:
 And this cou'd never be too dearly bought,
 Therefore myself has pledg'd thee in a larger draught.

Alex. Base dog, thou in thy latest breath doest ly;
 I scorn to dy the death that you shalt dy. —
 Bring him to me, to put him out of doubt,
 Crush him, till he shall spue his poyson out;
 Then kill him — No. but be a killing still,
 An Age, till I from heav'n descend, and tell,
 What new found plagues shall scourge his soul in Hell.

Eph. Ah where's the place from whence our soules do meet,
 Ple suck the poyson out, and call it sweet.

[While the Guards offer to seize Cass. he makes a motion to stab himself.

Cass.

Cass. It is in vain ; for though my life be short,
I'll hasten it, and o'pe another port.

Alex. Guid my remaining strength, this darted Rod—
Thus aim'd I, and thus struck I like a God,

[*Alex. throws a dart, and kills Cassander.*

Cass. Thou hast but spurr'd my life that else was free ;

This is the only stroak I car'd to see,

And is the last I e're shall take from thee.

Prepare ye Gods, and make us mighty Room.

For *Alexander*, and his fate are come.

[*Cassander dyes.*

Eph. How clouded o're with guilt his soul does flye, |

Like gloomy night, and darkens all the sky

Alex. The Villain has said true ; I must depart.

I sensibly perceive the poys'nous smart

Burnes in my Brain, and feedes upon my heart ;

The cursed Juice will not it self confine,

But in a moment more will break the mine.

Eph. Your words like death through all my veins disperse ;

You kill me quite at what you do rehearse :

If you but talk of dying, I'll make hast

And shun that sight ; I cannot be the last ;

You shake the Glas that else does run too fast.

I'll tear these Wounds, and spoil the surgeons art,

And kill my self, er'e you from me depart.

Can you so cruel be, such thoughts to own,

To leave your dear *Ephesion* here alone ?

Leave, let me go — To stay this threatning harm,

And save the widow'd world, the Gods will arm.

Alex. Ah spare more words, that speed thy parting breath ;

Thy Love augments the danger of thy death :

Look up *Ephesion*, see who's by thy side ;

Fate cannot either of our soules divide ;

Our lives together in one chain are ty'd.

Eph. I will, I will, ev'n my last look afford ;

As long as I can live, I'll keep my word ;

But dy I must, and then I'll mount all prayers ;

If there's a God will lend a feeling Eare,

I'll charm the deity, till I can gain

Immortal pittie to asswage your pain.

The dark, and secret book of Fate I'll read ;

And know what of the world's great King's decreed.

Alex. Now I begin to surfeit with the drink.

Eph. Is there no aid ? O speak, oh do, O think. —

Chill death shall quickly freeze up all my veines,

Like iceeles I'll drop upon thy scorching paines —

Come close thou dear — Thus gently as we twine,

When I am dead, lay my cold brest to thine,
And there, in spite of all thy fire, I'll freeze,
As snow upon the burning *Ætna* lyes. [*Eph. begins to faint*

Alex. Stay pretious Boy, another look restore;
Spare but my happiness on moment more —
Ah 'tis not I, 'tis thou that art unkind;
And cruel too, to leave me here behind —
Stay my soules soul, there is some hope remains;
These floods of grief have quench'd my scorching paines;
I am not sick, my senses all are free,
And feel no burning, but with Love of thee.

Eph. Ah let me go before it be too late
For heaven to punish thy unlucky fate —
Happy *Lyfimaechus*, my Rival bee,
In her, but him you must not envy me.

Alex. A thousand Adders bask within my skul,
With heat ingender, all my Braines are full —
Where is *Ephestion*? Have you let him go? —
O for a world; a world made up of snow
How I cou'd plunge, till I did melt it down,
And make more havock than the scorching Sun.

Sta. Ah say y^e are well or make him so believe.
For 'tis in search of you his senses grieve.

Alex. See, see the Battailles Joyn — Beat, beat the Drumes,
Bucephalus inrag'd he champs and foames;
Darius with his hooked Charriots comes. —
Wheres old *Parmenio*? Let more Trumpets sound;
How his proud horse does beat the fearful ground!
Haste, haste — *Ephestion*'s routed in the wing, —
Now, now, they have inclos'd him in a Ring —
Heark how they shout, and clap their hands for joy,
The Gods have ravish'd my beloved Boy!

Eph. Look dearest *Alexander*, yet I live —
This is a greater stroak than death can give.

Lyf. Ah Royal Sir, stay till you have decreed,
Who o're the mighty world shall you succeed.

Alex. A deadly frost hath peirc'd my senses through;
O! I am fall'n int'an Abyffe of snow
Something like cold dew-drops about my heart does move
Warne me *Ephestion*, warne me with thy Love.
The worthyest man amongst you shall be King;
To him that owne that title give this Ring.
Yet somewhat else there is I'm prone to do;
That is *Statira*, to be just to you —
Be you of all your fathers Crownes possesst,
And be you too with *Oroondates* blest. —

The Rival Kings.

51

Sta. Ah hold, with kindness now you wound me more,
Than all your persecution did before ;
Witness ye Gods, to whom my soul is known,
With how much sorrow I embrace my own.

Eph. Now ends his roughness in a calm delight ;
As western winds are often laid at night :
Thus silent falls the sweetest of mankind,
Softer than blossoms carried by the wind !

Alex. Now let us mount, and then for ever joyn,
Liketwo twin-stars, that do together shine ;
Still guiding o're the world our heav'nly parts ;
Whilest I rule Monarchs, thou shalt govern hearts.

Eph. Come *Alexander* then, if we must go,
Let's Raign above, and make a glorious show.

[*Eph. kisses Par. hand, then turns to Alex.*

Farwell thou dearest Love — Come dearest friend ;
Thus like too Cherubims we'll both ascend ;
Whiles guarded so, by friendship, and by Love,
We go prepar'd to meet the joys above.

Alex. Why wilt thou dy? with thee's all sweetness gone ;
More rare than *Persia* offers to it's Sun
The Violets perfum'd, and purple crest,
Or *Phoenix* burning it 'its spicey nest,
Breath not so sweet an' odour, as thy Breast.

Eph. Now, now my spirit 'fore my Ey-light sweeps —
Let us begin our Journey on our Lipps.

[*they kisse.*

Alex. This kisse in which thy latest Breath does fleet,
No dew that falls from heav'n is half so sweet —
Stay, stay — I will not let thee get the start —
Take all with thee, each Atome of my heart —
Now, now I have thee just before my Ey ; —
Ephection, now —

Eph. Now let's together fly —

[*both dy*

Phil. Now I am sure that the great deed is done,
I'll haste and tell the news in *Macedon*.

[*exit*

Par. He's gone —

Sta. He's gone, the life-spring of as all —
A heav'nly Legion waits his soul in view.
What miseries shall all mankind be fall!

Lys. Nature shou'd melt it self into a dew,
And the whole world intordisorder fall.
And mourn in Chaos at thy funeral.

Stat. He is not dead, or I am not alive —
It cannot be —

Lys. Cease Madam, cease to grieve —

Bag. What shall we do? Ah, what is to be done?

The Rival Kings.

Lys. Call all the Captaines, call 'em every one ;
Tell 'em the worlds, and their great Master's gone. [*Exit Bagiflanes,*
Bear forth *Cassander's* Body ———
Which limb from limb wild horses having tore,
Then let his scatter'd joynts the Dogs devour.

[*Cassander's Body is carried forth*

Enter to them Oroondates, and Araxis,

Ah *Oroondates* you are come too late ———
Behold the sad great Miracle of fate.

Oroo. Too soon I fear to such a dismal sight,
The news whereof did my firme soul a fright ;
What, is he dead ? By heaven he is not sure !
Thus look'd he, the same awful visage wore,
When he dispers'd with wonder Love, and power. ———

See too, the richest fruit of Natures pride,
And mourning Love lyes bleeding by his side, ———

How do the Gods like Children with us play !

First shew the world in splendour, fine, and gay, ———

Then on a suddain snatch the gawdy Toy away. ———

This who like Heav'n peirc'd thunder most divine,

And lightned where the Sun durst never shine.

That div'd though all the secrets of the Earth ;

Saw more than ever yet did humane Birth,

Does fall i'th Crowd, and undistinguish'd pass ;

Leaving but fame, that such a man there was.

Ah my *Statira* ! weep no more divine ;

I did not think such showers cou'd cloud thy shine,

And dark the day, when I shou'd call thee mine,

Instead of *Alexander*, heav'n does lend

Lyfimachus, our brave, and noble Freind.

Sta. Who wou'd not shrink at such a day of doome ?

Lys. Spare Love a while, and when the Captaines come,

We'l straight to Councel ; then if I have power,

To *Parisatis* I will *Perfus*'s Crown restore

To give to whom she please ———

Par. If this be true ———

I with my self, will give it back to you.

Lys. You when you please, shall then to *Scythia* go,

And bright *Statira* your lov'd Queen indow.

Oroo. Now I will call thee Brother ———

Lys. But how dear ———

We purchase pleasure, almost with despair. ———

[*looking on the Body*]

Re-enter to them Bagiflanes with the Captaines,
making a full stage.

The Rival Kings.

73

See Valiant, soldiers; look with wonder there.

Omnes. Oh horror! Plagues! Revenge! —

Cap. H's such a dread —

We dare not look upon him now he's dead,

But as on Gods with reverent surprise,

And pay our Adorations from our Eyes.

Cap. We hear *Antipater* has late rebell'd.

And as all *Greece* his King, has took the field.

Cap. Now all will out — *Phillip* they say is fled,

And had a hand in this most horrid deed.

Lys. I knew *Cassander* cou'd not this have done,

Had not the Father joyn'd in treason with the son. —

Straight in the Hall erect a golden Throne;

There seat the King all glorious as the sun,

A Scepter in his hand, and on his head a Crown.

That Throne in which he did commands dispense

Through the tam'd world, and aw'd the Universe.

Proclaim a loud to heav'n as high Arch, that there,

The Deputies of all the world appear,

Whilest we in Council sit, agreed in power,

To name this mighty man a Successour;

Then we will arm for just revenge, and Fame;

And conquer still in *Alexander's* Name.

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

FINIS

EPILOGUE.

Your looks already have begun to name,
Which was the most, we, or the Play too blame:
With faults of ours good natures may dispence,
But justly tax the Poets want of sence.

That after your lov'd Alexander dare
Bring this with all your likings to compare,
A Play with Scenes and Acting so admir'd,
As if the Souls they play'd had them inspir'd.
So 'tis with her that has an ugly face,
Proud of false charmes, and her affected grace,
Sits by some cry'd up Beauty of the Town,
And imitates each glance that's not her own,
And when some Gallant from the Pit doth bow,
O how she snatches it and courtises low!
The careless Beauty then sits by the while,
Kills with a frown, and raises with a smile; —
Tis this excuse upon the Authors score,
This though come last, was writ a year before.
Lik't as you please, the great Dons of our House,
Themselves would fain have had the Play from us,
But frankly and generously our Author stakes
His purse and credit rather for our sakes.
Be but so kind as he to us has been,
In hopes to further merit he'll begin
And save the trembling Soul that waits within.
To th' Ladies, to you Wits he now does call,
For like a drowning man he catches at you all.
Spare him this once, and save him now perplex't,
And he'll turn Bully Poet by the next.

FINIS.

